

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A SPOT OF INK FOR EVERYBODY

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Two

A LITTLE WAR STOPPED IN TIME

LEAGUE SAVES THE PEACE ONCE MORE

How a Poor Soldier Was Shot in Trying to Do Good

THE CATTLE ON THE FRONTIER

By a Geneva Correspondent

Once more the world has seen the wonderful way in which the League of Nations works. Another possible war has been stopped as it began.

In early February what is called "an incident" occurred on the frontier between Greece and Bulgaria.

The Greek story and the Bulgarian story differ. According to one version some Bulgarian cattle strayed a few yards into Greek territory in search of food.

Mr Henderson's Action

The Greek guards did not shoot the cattle, but sent one of their number to drive them back. In carrying out this order the Greek soldier overstepped the Bulgarian frontier himself.

It was nothing, but as soon as the Bulgarian sentries saw this man over on their side they opened fire, and the Greek sentries replied with fire. Some thousands of shots were soon exchanged, and the unfortunate Greek soldier was killed, the Bulgarians going off with his body. Finally they hoisted the white flag, and the firing ceased.

It was at this point that the League came in. Both sides knew that the League was there to prevent unfortunate developments.

Troops were not rushed up to the frontier as in 1925, when shots were also exchanged and a man was killed and each side said its honour was at stake. Mr Arthur Henderson, the British Foreign Secretary, intervened as acting President of the Council of the League, and the matter was talked out and definitely settled by the Greeks acknowledging that their man was on Bulgarian territory, where he had no business to be.

Trumperies of Militarism

He was trying to be kind and to do good; but evidently nobody may take liberties when a frontier is in question, even in order to do well. It is one of the ridiculous trumperies of militarism. The man was technically in the wrong; and he has given his life for his mistake—to the great discredit of Bulgaria, be it said.

Be this as it may, the point of the story is that, but for the League, one cannot tell how great a fire that little spark might have created.

This is none the less true, although the League worked so quietly and effectively that its operation has passed by unnoticed and without comment. The very silence with which its wheels have worked in this case is indeed its finest witness.

Musical Ambassadors



The band of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, shown in this picture, has gone to Argentina to play in the great British Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires which the Prince of Wales is opening this week.

THE MAURETANIA AND HER COAL MINE

THE scientist has often told us how we could drive a liner across the Atlantic and back on the power contained in a tiny quantity of radium.

A speech by Mr Walter Runciman must make our miners anxiously hope that the day of the radium-driven ship is still far distant. Oil used for fuel in internal combustion engines is already a competitor whose rivalry is in no small measure responsible for our falling sales of coal.

The Mauretania, fastest of our old ocean greyhounds, is dear to the memory and imagination of us all, but until Mr Runciman gave the facts who had imagined that her fortunes, and those of other sea-going giants, were so closely bound up with the prosperity of our coalfields?

Before the Mauretania was converted to oil-burning she used enough coal to keep a mine continuously at work!

When we remember that once our great warships all burned coal but are now changing over to oil the seriousness of the revolution becomes obvious.

One advantage the old steam-engines of our ships had in common. They were practically fool-proof. One of the veterans is still at work in Scotland, carrying sheep and passengers after 82 years of unfailing service. The motor-engine is more delicate, and a single mishap made by one man might serve to destroy the profit-earning capacity of a ship.

A regrettable thing about oil fuel is that it has all to be bought abroad, whereas every piece of coal burned at home or sent overseas helps our national fortunes. The time will come, no doubt, when we shall extract oil from coal and burn our own product, but in the meantime every ship converted from coal to oil is a dead loss to one of our greatest industries.

THE CONCERT MELBA NEVER GAVE

WHY THE SLUMS DID NOT HEAR HER

Secret of the Famous Singer That Can Now Be Told

GOLDEN VOICE AND GOLDEN HEART

Of Madame Melba, now to be heard singing no more on our Earth except through those mechanical means by which man has made his voice immortal, it will be remembered that she had a golden heart as well as a golden voice. Compassion was characteristic of her.

Harold Begbie used to tell how he went to lunch with Melba at the height of her fame, and told her that he had spent his morning with a lady who lived in two rooms in a slum. She had left a comfortable home in order to share the lives of the poorest.

More Than Money

As he spoke of the hardships and hopelessness of some of these old people's lives Melba was visibly moved.

Suddenly she said to Mr Begbie: "I will go and sing to those old people whenever you like."

She was not merely going to give money, which meant nothing to a rich woman: she was going to give her art and her time. She was the greatest singer in the world, and kings paid her homage, yet she was willing to bring her songs to those poor old people.

But she made one condition.

"It must never come out in the papers!" she said.

Melba did not want to advertise her philanthropy, or to make a newspaper fuss, or to pose as a ministering angel.

Schoolchildren's Tribute

That concert was never arranged, because Harold Begbie knew such a secret could not be kept. He knew that the story would leak out and find its way into every gossip column in the country, and appear in the headlines of the more sensational papers, and Melba would have thought he had broken faith with her.

But her kindly impulse is worth chronicling now, and we are glad to put it down though it could bear no fruit. She cannot be angry with us now for speaking of her kindness; it is only one more story of a warm heart that made her beloved wherever she might be.

How much beloved she was all the world knows. Schoolchildren brought flowers at the stations through which the funeral train passed on its way from Sydney, where she died; as her funeral procession passed through Melbourne five motor-cars were filled with wreaths and there were more than five hundred wreaths in all; and at the graveside at Lilydale the Lilydale Boy Scouts, known as Melba's Own, sounded the Last Post.

A MOST DELIGHTFUL TEA-PARTY

PERSIAN EXHIBITION'S GOOD IDEA

A Hundred Old Friends of Two Great World Shows

GUESTS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Something has happened which, it seems, could only happen in London.

The Committee of the International Exhibition of Persian Art had the most beautiful inspiration of sending a public invitation to all the people still living who had attended the Great International Exhibition of 1851 to come as their guests to Burlington House on March 6. They would be taken care of, said the invitation, and given tea. It was a most gracious act of kindness, and it has added a delightful chapter to the history of this famous Exhibition, which has now closed.

Baby Must Come Too

In due course this very pleasant and amusing idea spread over England, and replies of all kinds, some in the shakiest handwriting, were received. About a hundred people were very pleased to accept the Committee's invitation. Some of them, it is true, were babes in arms or perambulators in 1851, but they went to the Exhibition.

One of these remembers quite plainly a family argument about it and someone saying firmly "Baby must come too." So Baby went. Another of the veterans remembers the Exhibition mainly because he lost his parents and wandered for hours in the great place amid the stupendous crowds of all nations, all speech, all dress.

The Real Veterans

But these veterans are young, sham veterans compared with the real ones who accepted the invitation to the Burlington House tea-party and who were from five to fifteen at the time. From these the best memories come. The Great Exhibition, the first of its kind, was to them what his first play is to a boy—something overwhelmingly vivid. They can remember quite plainly the impression they received of that wonder of the world, that great glass palace, part of which now roofs in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, rising amid the greenery of Hyde Park. And under that roof what a welter and profusion of glory, they thought.

But they can only remember a few details, such as the malachite doors from Russia, the great picture carpet from Turkey; and indeed it is wonderful that people nearly eighty should remember any details at all.

The Glitter of the Koh-i-Noor

There was a marvellous array of products from all countries, and a great deal of magical beauty too. Anyone might forget the ores, the ingots, the huge blocks of coal, the lace work, the iron work, the Oriental stuffs; but no one would easily forget the glitter of the Koh-i-noor in its golden cage, the palm trees beneath the glass roof that reminded some people of the primeval forests of Brazil, the great staircase emblazoned with the mysteries of ancient Egypt, the leaping fountains, the statuary rising gleaming from the meadows, the fairy park in which works of art budded and bloomed beside the lovely trees of spring. When Thackeray saw it all he said: "The eyes dazzle, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonder."

These hundred people who saw it among the millions of visitors would never think that it could happen eighty years later that they should be the honoured guests of another great International Exhibition in London.

THE DAFFODILS ARE COMING UP

2300 Kinds Growing

GOLDEN GLORY OF OUR WOODS

Fifty years ago a few bunches of spring flowers were sent to Covent Garden market from the Scilly Isles in a small bandbox.

When the Aquitania left port the other day she carried a consignment of cut narcissi to New York!

This has been a very early year for this lily of Scilly, the Scilly White of the flower market. The first were sent to London in November. Since then Scilly has exported 365 tons of flowers by boat, cart, and train. The daffodil is now taking the field in all its wonderful varieties; it is only just appearing in green points in wild woodlands and more northern gardens.

The Soleil d'Or

The daffodil has been eagerly awaited by countless generations of English folk in its older and simpler forms. In 1629 John Parkinson spoke lovingly of the Soleil d'Or in his Earthly Paradise and this bunch of yellow blossoms on the sturdy stem is still our friend!

It is in the last fifty years that the daffodil has taken so many entrancing forms and tints; the Rev G. H. Engleheart has had a great hand in it, and he is still at work. In 1884 the catalogue had only 84 varieties; now we have more than 400. The Royal Horticultural Society's list names 2300 kinds in cultivation. The old Sir Watkin was considered very dear at one time; he cost 3s 6d a bulb, and we now buy him for threepence. New daffodils, taking years to evolve, are valuable and expensive at first; Peter Barr's lovely white trumpet cost £52, and is now worth 1s 6d. There are present new varieties worth over £30.

But the most precious daffodils to us are the nodding golden heads of our woods and wild places. Go and look at them, and help to keep them sacred where they grow.

THE LEAGUE'S CHERRY ORCHARD

Peace and Goodwill From Japan

Fifty young cherry trees of double blossom and of the finest kind produced in Japan are on their way to Geneva to beautify the grounds of the International Labour Office.

This lovely gift and the thought that prompted it come from one of Japan's leading daily newspapers, the Osaka Asahi, with a message that "our company consider it an honour to offer this gift of cherry trees" to take their place with the gifts of Governments, societies, and individual friends. The trees were shipped from Yokohama on January 15 and it is expected that some of them may actually blossom this spring. Some may take longer, but all will be in full bloom in three years.

PRO-PEACE

What the Scouts Stand For

Sir Alfred Pickford, Overseas Commissioner for Scouts, has been reminding the world what the Scouts stand for, and we pass on these words from a speech he made the other day.

Our job is a pro-peace policy.

We are here to develop the character of the boys of this country so that when they grow up they will be able to form an independent, sane judgment on the problems with which they will be faced.

We are not a political body in any sense at all. We cling to the fact that we are training hundreds of thousands of fellows to be trusty, loyal, courteous, cheerful, thrifty, and clean-living men, and that we are making as fine a contribution to the cause of peace as can be made by any orator anywhere.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS The Palace of a Dream

The People's Palace in the Mile End Road has gone up in flames, and so vanishes a dream of Victorian days, though we hope the Twentieth Century in which we live may dream a yet better one to take its place.

In 1882, when London was first beginning to grow uneasy about its East End slums, there was one man who did something about it because he gave London an idea. He was Walter Besant, who wrote a story about the East End, which everybody read, calling it All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

Then and Now

In his tale he imagined that some wise and wealthy men built for the people who lived in all those mean streets a Palace of Delight, where they might sing and play and escape from their dull and dingy surroundings.

Many other things Walter Besant imagined might be done at his Palace of Delight; and, truth to say, it was very much more wanted then than it is now.

There were no cinemas then, but there were slums by Shoreditch Church into which even policemen ventured only in pairs. There was no Whitechapel Art Gallery, but there was an Anarchist Club in a street off Mile End Road.

There were no regular services of buses; there were no recreation grounds; and though the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had built Columbia Market to take the place of the street stalls it was almost deserted. No one had any clear idea what to do with the East End, which lived a life of its own in the squalid streets and alleys stretching from Mile End Road to the side of the Thames, where Cable Street with its disreputable drinkshops was the sink of the Docks.

A Nucleus of Improvement

Such was the East End when Sir Walter Besant wrote his dream of the Palace of Delight, and five years later he had the satisfaction of seeing it come true in a People's Palace, founded by men of goodwill and with the help of the Draper's Company and the aid of public subscriptions.

The Queen opened its concert hall, the summer and winter gardens, the library, and gymnasium and swimming-bath in her Jubilee Year, and those who saw it then would hardly know the East End which surrounds it now. It was a nucleus round which the improved conditions of the life and labour of the London poor have sprung up; and, though much remains to do, the People's Palace first showed what might be done.

ENGLAND'S GREAT SERVICE

To France and Italy

The whole world is rejoicing at the peaceful settlement of the naval rivalry between France and Italy.

M Briand of France and Signor Grandi of Italy have agreed on a balance of power for five years, which means that these two countries will no longer compete in building ships of war.

The British Government should receive the thanks of every lover of peace for the happy outcome from the dangerous competition in armaments that was taking place, for Mr Arthur Henderson and Mr Alexander have acted as mediators between the two countries, seizing with both hands an opportunity presenting itself last month.

We shall all look forward to the completion of these hopeful negotiations.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Dvorak	Dvor-zhak
Gemini	Jem-cny
Paganini	Pah-gah-ne-ne
Paisiello	Pah-c-zc-el-lo
Palestrina	Pah-les-tre-nah

THE OLD-FASHIONED PAPERS

Only Two Now Left

THE RACE FOR THE BIG FULLSTOP

There are only two old-fashioned daily papers now left in London. They are the Daily Express and the Daily Mail.

The News-Chronicle has come into line with all the progressive papers and abolished the Fullstop.

It was in February that the C.N., pointing out that only three London dailies kept up the bad habit of fullstops after headings, wrote that the News-Chronicle, "with the enterprise that characterises it in these days, must certainly drop them very soon," adding that the only old-fashioned papers then remaining would be the Daily Express and the Daily Mail.

This has now happened; the News-Chronicle dropped all its fullstops on the last day of that month.

Saving Ink

It is all in keeping with the spirit of economy that is abroad in the land. When The Times dropped its fullstops it saved 1200 spots of ink every day, and was to that extent a much neater and cleaner paper; but it must have been also cheaper to produce, though probably only the inkmaker knows the cost in ink of 1200 fullstops.

If the fullstops were all like the fullstops of the Daily Mail the cost would, in course of time probably come to be reflected in the dividends, for never were there such fullstops as come from the famous Northcliffe House. One of them on the day on which we write is so big that if all the copies of it were printed as one it would make an inky pathway an inch wide and a mile long.

The Daily Express, which is now the Great Fullstop Rival of the Daily Mail, is still behind, for its Big Fullstop on



The Race for the Big Fullstop

the same morning would only reach about a thousand yards. Both papers are still a long way off the Big Fullstop about twenty inches square on a hoarding in the Strand.

It seems, in any case, a terrible waste of ink for the papers which cry out for economy night and day. They print between them every day enough stupid fullstops to give two to every human being on the Earth. It may be one way of impressing the wonderful minds of their readers; it seems to us a certain way of impressing the shareholders who pay for the ink.

THINGS SAID

War is a crack in civilisation.

On a museum wall in Brussels

Poverty means such intimacy between a man and his possessions.

Miss Stella Benson

There is nothing so demoralising as too much sleep.

Mr Edgar Wallace

Alcohol is a poison that affects the mind, the eye, and the wind, all three essentials in tennis.

Mr W. T. Tilden

The L.C.C.'s budget of £40,000,000 is bigger than that of many a foreign Power.

Lord Jessel

March 14, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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THE FOUR-IN-HAND • THAMES ROWING GIRLS • RAILWAY ART



Four-Horse Power—A hundred years ago the four-horse coach was almost the only way of making long journeys about the country; now it is an expensive hobby for people who love horses. This fine team was photographed in Hyde Park.



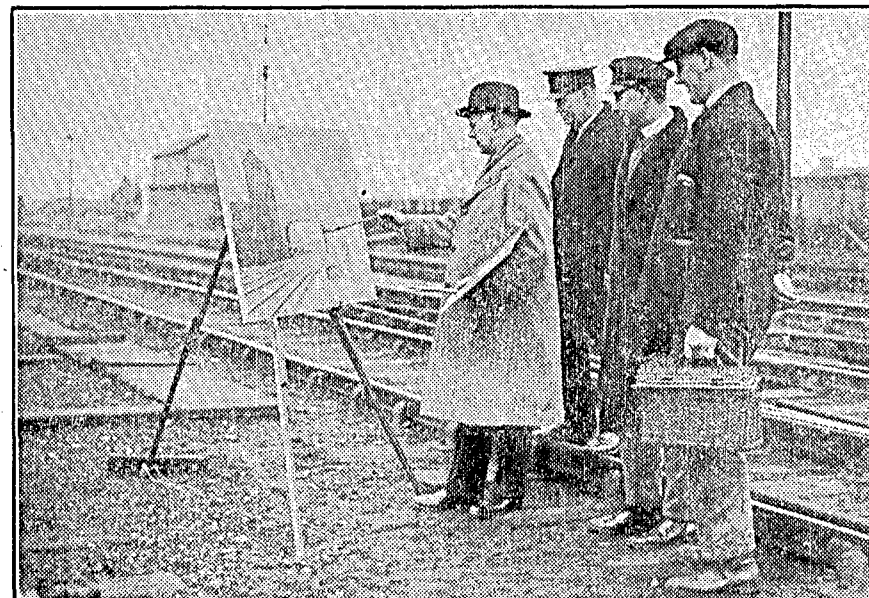
A Natural Playground—During the winter months the broad flat sands at Weston-super-Mare, on the Bristol Channel, provide splendid hockey pitches for girls of the local schools. Some of them are here seen cycling on the beach to a match.



Thames Rowing Girls—While crowds have been watching the University Boat Race crews at practice on the Thames these girls have been taking part in their club events at Isleworth.



Guides' Service Turn—With the sanction of the Town Council, Girl Guides at Worthing attend to the care of the local War Memorial. They scrub the stonework and arrange the flowers, the girls being chosen from a different troop each week for the purpose.



Art on the Railway—Three railwaymen were interested in the unusual sight of an artist at work on the track at Harlesden. The artist was Mr Norman Wilkinson, painting one of a series of posters for the London, Midland and Scottish Railway.

THE PIT PONY ARE WE A KIND PEOPLE?

One in Six Ponies Killed or
Injured or Shot

ONE SIDE OF THE COAL QUESTION

The champions of the pit pony have had to take up arms once more.

Last year one in six of all the ponies in our English coalfields was killed, injured, or shot.

This terrible statement is made in a report the Pit Ponies Protection Society has prepared for submission to the Minister for Mines. It will be a great shock to most English people. We have prided ourselves on being pioneers in kindness to animals, but this report is a great blow to our pride.

The death-rate among pit ponies has gone up since 1927. In Yorkshire, where it is worst of all, the killed or injured were 220 a 1000 ponies in the course of the last four years.

There are 50,800 animals in our mines, and it is said that, though many of them are well cared for and even petted by the men, hundreds have no bedding, while nearly all live in foul air and darkness on dry food.

Use Machinery

What right has man to condemn an animal to such a dismal existence? Machinery is used in 480 English mines with perfect success; it should be used in the remaining 1238. The Pit Ponies Protection Society asks

That ponies should not be attached in front of loaded tubs going downhill.

That they should only work eight hours in every 24.

That there shall be a training scheme for drivers, who shall not be under 16.

That inspectors shall be increased.

That mechanical haulage shall gradually replace the use of ponies.

Reasonable people of all parties will think these suggestions good. The suffering of the pit pony is a reproach which should be ended. It will be a good day when we can look at the foals wandering by their mothers over Exmoor and the New Forest without thinking that their lives, beginning so happily, may end in the darkness of the pit.

A HOSPITAL BEHAVES LIKE A GENTLEMAN

Sometimes money is too unclean to touch. Middlesex Hospital has set an example by refusing some money of the kind referred to.

The hospital was the residuary legatee of £3400 which a tailor in London had amassed by "slave-driving, half starving, and occasionally beating his wife and his family." When he died he did indeed leave £100 each to two daughters, and smaller sums to some of the people he called his chums.

But a third of the money he willed to be spent on a first-class funeral, hoping by this means to appear in a blaze of splendour which had been absent from a sordid life. £500 was to go on a tombstone and its surroundings, £400 to keep his memorial green, and £100 on the journey to the grave.

With what was probably the same idea of self-glorification he left part of what money remained for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital.

Middlesex Hospital may be, and is always, in want of funds for its great and charitable work, but it was not going to take money of this kind at the expense of the children who ought to have had it. The hospital has therefore renounced its claim in the children's favour. It is a noble thing to do, and we hope that the public will see that the hospital loses nothing by its kindly deed. Three cheers (and a few half-crowns), please, to keep Middlesex Hospital standing up.

SINGERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Music Comes From
Everywhere

THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMPANY OF THE WORLD'S ENTERTAINERS

In all that has been written about Madame Melba little has been said of the wonder that this marvellous singer attained her conquest of the musical world from a squatter's farm.

That is the way Music has of revealing itself in the children of the obscure, the lowly, and the poor. To Caedmon, our first poet, as he slept one night in the stable, there came a voice saying Sing! Ever since, in every land which has music, from time to time another voice has said to others Sing! and the result has been the making of music and the song of singers who have enriched the lives of the centuries.

Modern music began with a son of peasants, Palestrina; and Bach and Handel emerged from the poverty of days in which musicians were treated by their patrons as menials and lackeys.

Poor Men's Sons

Gluck was the son of a poor forester, Verdi of a peasant, Haydn one of the twenty children of a poverty-stricken wheelwright. Beethoven's father was a drunken savage of a chorister; Paganini, prince of violinists, was the son of a street porter; and Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, the son of a butcher. Our own Sullivan's grandfather was a poor soldier who watched over the dead body of Napoleon at St Helena.

Christine Nilsson sang her way to notice as a poor girl at country fairs; Patti was the daughter of theatrical players; Marie Hall, our famous fiddler, played for coppers in the streets; Ben Davies went from a draper's counter to his triumphs in opera and oratorio; and Dr Coward went from the cutler's bench to the leadership of his justly famous choirs.

Melba was of this illustrious company, a child of the people who became a queen of song and was beloved by all whose happy fortune it was to hear her.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

Great Events Coming

By Sir Ian Hamilton

Sir Ian Hamilton has been speaking to the London Conference of the British Legion, and we take this from his speech.

Consciously or sub-consciously, the victors tried at Versailles to divide Europe into two groups of nations, the one rich and powerful the other poor and impotent.

Such a state of things is quite incompatible with general disarmament, and, therefore, incompatible with a prolonged peace. The British Legion must wake up. Europe cannot go on like this. Soon there may be a clean sweep of many things, war debts and reparations among them. Soon we may hear the slogan:

No one who takes part in a war should make money out of it: the gold they have hidden in their vaults is accursed.

Great events are in the wind. No Government on Earth can stop them. But the ex-Service men of Europe may still decide whether they shall come about by peaceful or warlike means.

A blind doctor has been killed by a taxi in Paris, although he was using the white stick issued to the blind for safety.

Our Poet Laureate, Mr Maschfield, has agreed to take part in the League's work of intellectual cooperation, and is now a member of the committee of Arts and Letters.

FOUR FARMERS AND A BEETLE

Will It Cross the
Channel?

HIDDEN AMONG THE POTATOES AND VEGETABLES

America gave us the potato; it has given other lands the dreaded parasite which ruins the potato, and here in England, thousands of miles from the cradle of both plant and beetle, farmers are in fear that the insect may creep through our ports and spread into our fields.

That fear has been set forth in the form of a resolution passed by a mass meeting of Lancashire farmers. It draws attention to "the rapid spread and ravages of the Colorado beetle in France" and asks for protection against the introduction of the pest into England in French potatoes and vegetables.

The history of this growing danger to French agriculture is curious. Colorado beetles have been known to cross the Atlantic, either alive or as eggs, and to spread in European countries, but in such small numbers that they have been easily stamped out.

Spreading Through France

In France anyone detecting the presence of the beetle is legally liable to report its existence to the authorities. That has, as a rule, been done. Five years ago, however, four farmers in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux found Colorado beetles among their growing potatoes and failed to report the matter.

Within a year the beetle was found to have spread over a wide area, and every year since the beetle has extended its range in France. Now it is so widespread a menace as to frighten the hard-headed farmers of Lancashire, though between their farms and France stretches the sea.

A beetle which has crossed from the New World to the Old could easily make the passage across the Channel and traverse a little land like ours.

THE MAGIC SPECTACLES

More Lifelike Pictures
Next Week

Again this week the C.N. presents its readers with a sheet of Lifelike Pictures, to be viewed through the Magic Spectacles given with the issue for February 28.

A photograph taken with an ordinary camera is a representation of what we should see if we had only one eye; but each of our pictures consists of two that are superimposed and printed in red and green respectively. These were taken with a camera having two lenses, which might be said to correspond with our two eyes. The purpose of the Magic Spectacles is to enable the left eye to see the picture taken with the left lens and the right eye to see that taken with the lens on the right. Thus we have the illusion of solidity and distance.

Keep your spectacles, for another sheet of these Lifelike Pictures will be given with next week's C.N. Please ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you.

THE GREAT FAIR

One of the biggest orders booked at the British Industries Fair was for 24 miles of fustian, enough to clothe 7000 men. The order was given by a cloth manufacturer of Hebden Bridge in Yorkshire.

Another firm secured an order for sixty thousand yards of material from buyers who have always gone abroad for this type of stuff. New accounts have been opened with Switzerland, Belgium, France, Austria, Norway, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, China, Java, the Malay Peninsula, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and the Fiji Islands. The catalogue of the Fair was written in eight languages.

A LOVELY CLOISTER OF OUR MOTHERLAND

Gloucester's Famous
Windows

PILGRIM TRUST'S GOOD DEED

The glory of Gloucester Cathedral is its great Cloister, rich in stained glass and perhaps the finest in England, most noble in its proportions, most beautiful in its lighting.

It is to be made still more beautiful.

Some time ago some wonderful old stained glass was for sale in Gloucestershire. It might well have gone out of the country, but instead of being sold to America it has been kept at home by an American benefaction and is to be added to the cathedral which is historically its spiritual home

Sold for Death Duties

In the 16th century Bishop Parker of Gloucester ordered some of the panels of this gem-like stained glass for his country house. His successors there added other panels and roundels of this Tudor glass, with the Royal arms or their own armorial bearings painted on them, till there were twelve in all. For nearly three centuries they remained in place, and then they were sold for death duties.

An appeal was made, and the panels were saved and presented to the cathedral. But the Dean and Chapter still lacked the funds to place them in the Cloister, and for two years the treasure has remained waiting to go in to the cathedral windows.

The Pilgrim Trust, founded by a generous American who recollects that he, too, has his share in England's history, came to the rescue, and has made a grant for the restoration and adjustment of the Cloister's stonework to receive the glass. Soon now the Sun will shine through it to light the Cloister with the remembrance of one more good deed.

TWO OLD FRIENDS

A Dog and His Master

Old Mr Osborne and his dog were well known about Eastbourne. They always went about together.

The two made an odd couple, the old gentleman absent-minded and more than a little forgetful; the dog, a shaggy Airedale whose days of puppyhood had long been forgotten, and who no longer barked or frisked playfully along, but stepped sedately by his master.

One day they were missing, and the next day were still unfound. Their daily walk was on the Downs by the cliffs and it was feared that something might have happened to them. Boy Scouts and police joined in the search. The coastguards scoured the cliffs and the shore.

Then on the third morning the village policeman at East Dean, four miles from Eastbourne, found the pair as he started on his morning round. Old Mr Osborne had lost his way and lost his memory. But he had not lost his dog.

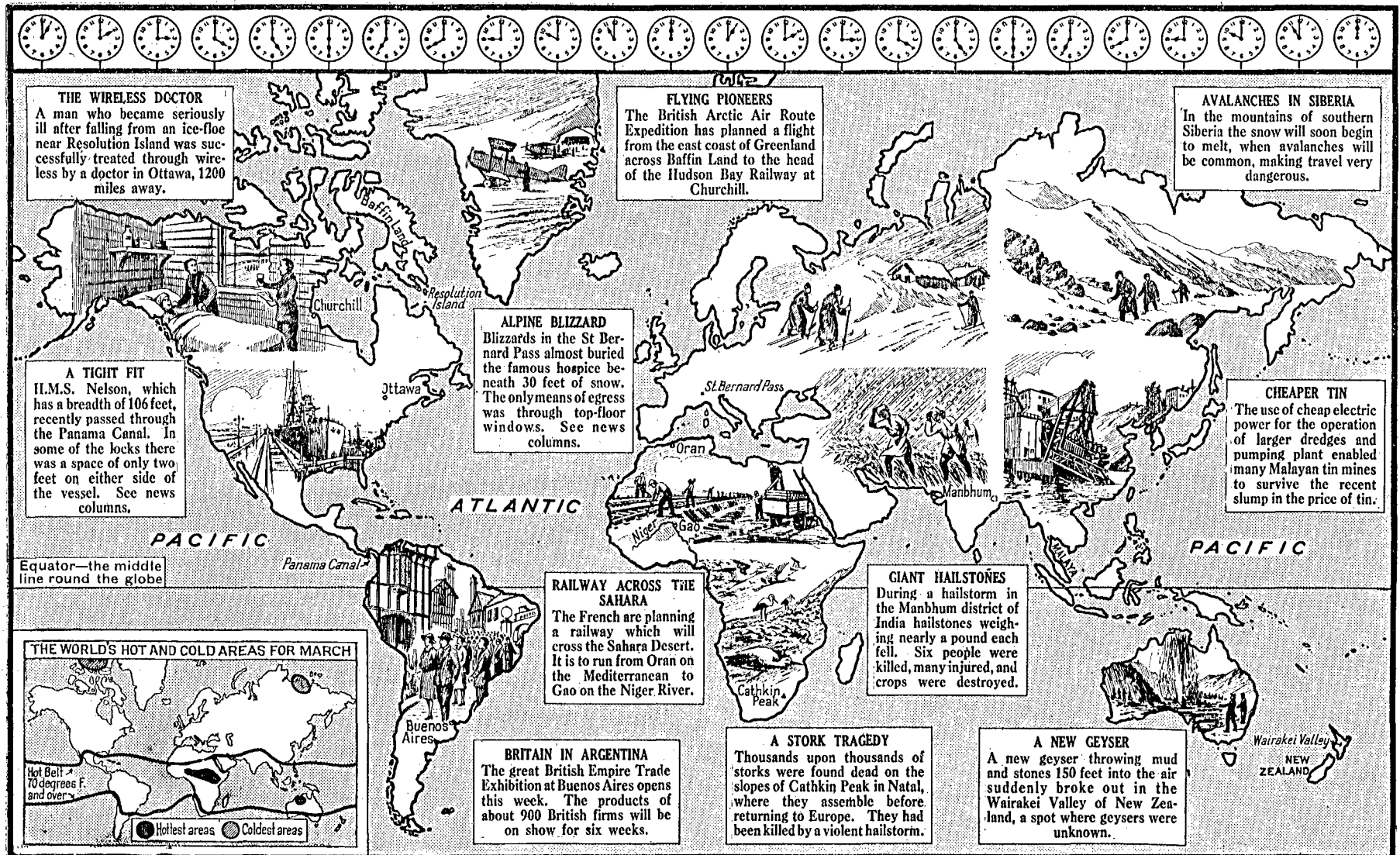
There, like a faithful sentinel, the old Airedale lay by the side of his master, too exhausted to bark, almost too distressed to wag his tail. But there he had stayed. We are glad not to have to say that he was faithful unto death, for old Mr Osborne, though very distressed, was taken home in time, and the dog and his master are waiting for the fine days to go out again.

CAN IT BE?

A wireless message from the Antarctic has announced the discovery of new land on which were dropped from the air a Norwegian flag and a document saying that Norway took possession. With the King's consent it is to be called Princess Ragnhild Land.

But can any country claim a territory on which it has not trod?

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



NELSON SEES IT THROUGH

A Battleship's Great Feat

His Majesty's ship Nelson had great difficulty in squeezing her way from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Panama Canal. Her feat was comparable to that of the camel in threading the eye of the needle.

This battleship of 35,000 tons is 106 feet in the beam. The Gatun Lock, where her huge bulk was raised some 30 feet, which works out at nearly 300 million foot-pounds, is only 110 feet wide. The ship and the pilot had only two feet on either side to spare. But the Nelson scraped through this lock and two others, carrying nothing away except some safeguarding blocks and suffering no damage except a slight bulge on some of her steel plates.

Having got safely through, the Nelson fired a salute of 21 guns in honour of Washington's birthday. See World Map

ST BERNARD MONKS

Cut Off By Snow

In the February snowstorm that swept over Switzerland and cut off Zermatt from its railway the famous monastery of St Bernard more than fulfilled the pictures which history and tradition have made of it.

Snow buried the hospice, where so many travellers have found a refuge, thirty feet deep. The pious monks of Saint Bernard, of whom Longfellow wrote in Excelsior, could only get out through their top-floor windows. The St Bernard dogs could not fulfil their constant mission of searching for beleaguered travellers.

Today there are telephone lines to the monastery, but these were swept away by avalanches, and the monastery which has so often been a haven was itself isolated for more than a week. Happily the monks had a plentiful supply of food. See World Map

A SECRET MISSION

The Ten Men and Their Million Dollars

It is said that ten men have landed in Britain on a secret mission representing five of the greatest trading concerns in Canada.

They came over on the C.P.R. liner Melita, and came straight to London. In their pockets they have a million dollars, to buy—what? Nobody knows. Nobody knows their names, nor where they are going, except that they were to spend a week at the British Industries Fair, the Cotton Exhibition at the White City, and the Imperial Chemical Industries display at the Albert Hall. They would be taken care of at those places, for there were hundreds of bright young men, speaking all languages, ready to show them everything.

When they have seen all that London offers to the buyer the ten men will separate and pursue their secret ways all over the country, and if they see things that they simply must buy they can over-step the million dollars!

THE WORST TRADES JUST NOW

We are now able to show what unemployment meant to our chief trades at the end of January.

The total of unemployed was then roundly 2,660,000. Unemployment exists in all trades more or less, but in some cases—as in the clothing, food, and printing trades—it is comparatively small. In others a third of the workers lack employment.

The highest percentage of all is in the dock and harbour services, where it is nearly 40 per cent, while among seamen it is over 34 per cent.

If we take the great industries we find that the biggest figures of unemployment are furnished by coalmining, engineering, and the cotton and building trades.

Over a million of the unemployed are accounted for by seven great branches.

ARE WE KINDER?

A Story From the Pavement

By the Look-About Lady

The other day a little company of people waited forlornly outside Westminster Abbey for a country bus that did not come.

It was a foggy night. Big Ben's hands moved slowly; the thin shoes of one lady were soaked on the wet pavement.

News did not come through for a whole half-hour that the bus had been held up by fog and would not arrive at all; and when the news came at last it meant taking the train and the lady happened to have spent nearly all her money. As she hunted through her bag two strangers who waited held out their purses to her. Might they help her?

Are people kinder than they were? This lady remembers clearly an occasion just before the war when, having lost her purse, she wished to borrow a shilling in a train and was refused by seven people, although she offered them jewellery as a security!

A PRIME MINISTER AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mr Howard Ferguson has settled down to his work in London as High Commissioner for Canada in London.

He was Prime Minister of Ontario before his appointment, and has been followed in the Premiership by Mr George S. Henry of Oriole.

Mr Henry lives on a farm just outside Toronto. Oriole is a small place, with a small church and Sunday School, and Mr Henry for many years has been superintendent of that school. All who know the kind of man he is expected he would be in his place as superintendent on the Sunday after he became Prime Minister. And, sure enough, there he was as usual, with his son to teach one of the classes for boys and his daughter to play the treadle organ.

We congratulate the Province of Ontario.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY

Trade Tide Turns in America

While it is still necessary to exercise caution in making definite statements on the subject, it does appear that the trade tide has turned in the United States.

Bigger orders for steel are being placed, and many of the unemployed are going back to work. It is estimated that this year over 100,000 workers have gone back in the motor-car factories alone. Mr Ford is now said to have 120,000 people at work.

Another favourable sign is that better prices are being fetched by primary products, such as copper and zinc and lead.

The world collapse of trade started in the United States toward the end of 1929, and we may hope that the turn of the tide in America means that the whole world will soon be enjoying better times. It is too soon to speak more definitely than this.

Of one thing we may be sure, and that is that better times are on the way; so there is not the slightest reason to despair of the future of our country.

A DOG AND HIS FRIEND

Hero of Niagara

Prince, a pedigree police dog, has taken his place among the heroes of Niagara, for he has saved another dog from going over the Falls.

Several dogs were playing on the shore ice of the upper river when the ice cracked, broke away, and started floating downstream.

Prince and two of the dogs scrambled ashore, but one was left on the ice-floe now drifting toward the Falls. The dogs on shore barked and howled, trying to get their friend to leave the moving ice, but he seemed not to understand.

So Prince plunged in, swam to the floe, seized the frightened dog, and dragged him from the ice. Then both swam back to shore.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 14

1931

Disarmament Begins
at Home

Let us face the fact—when a strike is declared it is War against Society.
Sir James Sexton in Parliament

WE have been hearing a lot about strikes and the right to strike. Is it not time we all realised that, like clarity, *Disarmament should begin at home?*

If it begins at home it will not end there. A nation at peace within its own borders is a strong nation and a prosperous one. It is also one where liberty and the rights of the man whose wealth is his work are upheld. We have only to look back at the history of England in the last hundred years to see this. But history teems with examples of nations which have gone to war to distract attention from discontent and disorder at home.

The nation at peace within itself is in the strongest position, both by its example and by its well-being, to urge the cause of peace among its neighbours. It was said in times of our greatest prosperity that peace was the highest interest of the British Empire. It is a still higher interest to bring about a World Peace, for the time has gone by when any nation can stand in splendid isolation.

Now is the time to begin, but we must begin here as well as now. The right to strike is a liberty of the subject. So is the right of an employer to lock out his men. *But both are like the right to arm.* They confer on the possessor the right to injure his neighbours.

The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. The nation which arms itself for war is not the nation that wants peace. It seeks rather the opportunity to make use of its arms to obtain what it wants by force. Any lock-out or any strike is a resort to force. It is the last resort when argument or reasoning has failed.

No employers, no workmen, are always in the right or always in the wrong. It must often seem to both that the others are open to neither reason nor argument. Like the juryman in the story they must sometimes declare that eleven more obstinate men they never met in all their life. Or, like the little boy who watched his father drilling when

All the men but Father
Were marching out of step,

they must think that they are in the right and all the rest are wrong. But in strikes and lock-outs, as in war, nobody wins.

May we not all, in the interests of all of us, call on workers and employers alike to believe in peace among ourselves? The spirit of the strike and the lock-out is the spirit of War, and it should be disarmed in the interests of the League of the British People.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Trees By the Way

IT is good to see the growing interest in the planting of trees by the arterial roads, and it is perhaps worth while to explain to all whom it may concern that half the cost of planting trees and shrubs on our highways can be recovered from the Road Fund.

Will all C.N. readers remind their local authorities of this great opportunity of beautifying the countryside? It is often possible to hide a piece of ugliness by planting a few trees, and half the cost is paid by the State.

A Compliment

THE C.N. has just been called, in one of our grown-up contemporaries, the *Manchester Guardian* of the children.

There is no compliment with which we could be more completely satisfied.

Stuff and Nonsense

IS it not time that all who love poetry protested against the fashion of the day, fostered and followed by those who should be the guardians of the Muse, for accepting any rubbish as poetry?

Are there any worse enemies of poetry than those who impose upon the world such ravings as this and call it poetry?

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldenrover unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah, as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mought had, nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

This is from a book edited by the late Poet Laureate, and we are assured by a critic that it guarantees the writer a sure place among the English poets. It seems much nearer the truth to say that it is the sort of stuff that every editor throws into his wastepaper basket every day.

A Kind Man Has an Idea

WE hear of a very good thing that was done not long ago by a business man in Birmingham.

The Squawkies have been a serious blow to many musicians, driving them out from the kinemas, and our business man noticed that far too many of them were earning a precarious livelihood in the streets.

Their necessity was his opportunity. The business man engaged a number of unemployed musicians and formed them into a small orchestra for touring hospitals and charitable institutions giving recitals. The good work went on for a month and gave immense delight to a large number of people.

We do not know the name of the business man, but it is written in the Book of the Recording Angel.

The Runner of Pall Mall

OUR compliments to the young man who runs to his bank nearly every morning in Pall Mall.

Will he be general manager? Surely a young man so keen to be there will rise high in the world.

But he will not be general manager; he will not rise high in the world.

He will always be five minutes late.

What We Do With the Brook

Mr J. C. Squire has written for the Pure Rivers Society an excellent parody of Tennyson's Brook, from which we take two verses.

I do not chatter any more.
How could my waters chatter,
Crawling along twist shore and shore
Chock full of morbid matter?

The food the fish were wont to eat
Has now a thorough coating
Of china-clay and sugar-beet
With surface creosoting.

Tip-Cat

THE shopkeeper who judges his customers by their faces apparently can't see through them.

I CANNOT understand why Germany did not win the war, says a field-marshal. Because she lost it.

A LADY WRITER finds an overdraft at the bank very stimulating. It isn't to her credit.

THE modern girl is said to be too lazy to knit. She has cast off her stitches.

BALDNESS is said to be handed down from father to son. It usually affects the head of the family.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If Pride returns
after a Fall

THE pillion-girl is being legislated out of existence. Yet she still hangs on.

A WRITER says we do not teach children to think consecutively for five minutes on end. Yet we tell them always to be upright.

SOME fish, we are told, can smell. A high quality.

FASTING, it is said, will cure any known complaint. Except the complaint of being hungry.

TYPISTS work more quickly to music. Like to beat Time.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL has saved its ratepayers £200,000 by insisting on economy.

TWELVE hundred houses a week will be built in London this year.

THE Pilgrim Trust is helping many good movements in distressed areas in Wales, Durham, and Glasgow.

JUST AN IDEA

A thought on the kerb is worth two in the hospital.

This Slow Old World

IN the end a good idea will always make its way, but could anything be more astonishing than the time it takes for ideas to come to harvest?

We find that at last the makers of electric lampshades are making them usable both ways—for hanging or for standing—so that it is no longer necessary to adapt them clumsily. It seems to have taken a generation to drive home this simple idea.

It took a generation, also, to drive home the idea that a motor screen should be made in one piece instead of two, an immense improvement.

We should not be surprised if, after annoying us all for quite a generation, the gramophone companies one day find a way of making a needle-box which will not fall over if it is touched. A C.N. friend who used the gramophone much 20 years ago found it a constant nuisance that the box of needles was always tipping over, scattering the needles all over the place. He has started using the gramophone again and still this stupid box of needles, too round and light to bear touching when it is open, is a constant nuisance. Twenty years of progress have left this particular foolishness quite untouched.

The Tramp

By Our Country Girl

IT was morning in a tramp's lodging-house in Cardiff.

The men had talked most of the night, for such places are so uncomfortable that it is seldom possible to sleep. The talk was all of sorrowful things, for the men were without work or home.

One man was very thankful to steal away at dawn. He had talked little but listened hard. Now he hastened away as quickly as the cork leg, he had won it in the war, would carry him.

But a ragged old fellow stopped him and slipped fourpence into his hands, probably all the money he possessed.

"'Ere," he whispered hoarsely, "you take it. You're a cripple; you need it more than me."

And the cripple owned a castle!

He was investigating tramps' lodging-houses for a charitable purpose, and was bound to be silent about his true position. And the old tramp's money burned his hands like fire.

In the Train

Across the breadth of England
The ribboned railways go,
And ever ironing over them
Great trains go to and fro,

Through villages, through hamlets,
From busy town to town,
They rumble up to Manchester
And then they rumble down.

They scurry up to Scotland;
They canter into Kent;
They hurry into Hampshire;
They thunder past the Trent.

They dip through dales and forests;
They run beside the sea.
Oh! In a train in England
Is a magic place to be. Marjorie Wilson

INDIA LOSES A HERO BUT KEEPS HER GREAT INSPIRATION

The Long Life of Work and
Love of Miss Josephine Evans

THE C.M.S. AT BARANAGAR

A business man who lost the key of his safe in Calcutta a year or two ago was at his wits' end to know what to do until someone suggested that there was an industrial school outside the city where he could find a skilled locksmith.

He sent to the school at Baranagar, and two of its workmen, after a very troublesome job, managed to get his safe door open.

Helping Sons of Poor Widows

The locksmiths and their fellow-workmen at this school were the product of a labour of love for India carried on for forty years by a London woman, Miss Josephine Ann Evans, of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. They were the sons of poor widows who had become Christians, and on that account had been turned out by their relations. These widows came to their teacher, Miss Evans, and asked what she could do to save them and their children from starvation.

Miss Evans, besides spreading the Christian message among the women, found that she must find employment for them, so that they could earn their daily bread. She found them very unskilled, and her first schemes for lace-making and such delicate work were unsuccessful. Then they began making curry powder and chutney, for which an increasing sale was found. As the numbers of her women converts and charges increased embroidery was added. Then an old Indian gatekeeper suggested that the women should be taught to make carpets, and he himself offered to give the necessary instruction.

A Successful Experiment

Miss Evans heartily agreed to make the experiment; and it has been so successful that not only did carpets made in Miss Evans's industrial school gain high awards at the Wembley Exhibition, but they have attracted the attention of Queen Mary, who saw some of them when they were used in the Royal tents at the Delhi Durbar in 1911, and made inquiries as to where they had been made. She asked the Duchess of Devonshire to visit Miss Evans and congratulate her.

As time went on Miss Evans found that she had to start two other trade schools, for the children of her Indian women friends were growing up, and they, too, had to be taught how to earn a living. In the girls' school doll-making is carried on for two hours daily, and these dolls are sold and used as school prizes all over India.

Amrito's Gratitude

The boys were not so easy to provide for, but Miss Evans had the great joy of receiving an offer of help from one whom she had known as a child. He was named Amrito, and he was the son of one of the first widows she had been able to help. Amrito had been to school in Calcutta, and had been apprenticed as an engraver at the Government gun factory. He was a very clever workman and could have attained high position, but he wished to show his gratitude to Miss Evans and went back to Baranagar to help her with the younger boys.

Here it is that he has been teaching them to become good turners and fitters, to make gun-metal castings, and to learn the delicate and difficult craft of the locksmith. They make all sorts of locks, which are widely used in the Calcutta jute mills, and not long ago they were asked by one of the mills to construct

THE ELEPHANT AT THE ELEPHANT

ONE of the busiest centres in the world is the Elephant and Castle, where many lines of traffic meet.

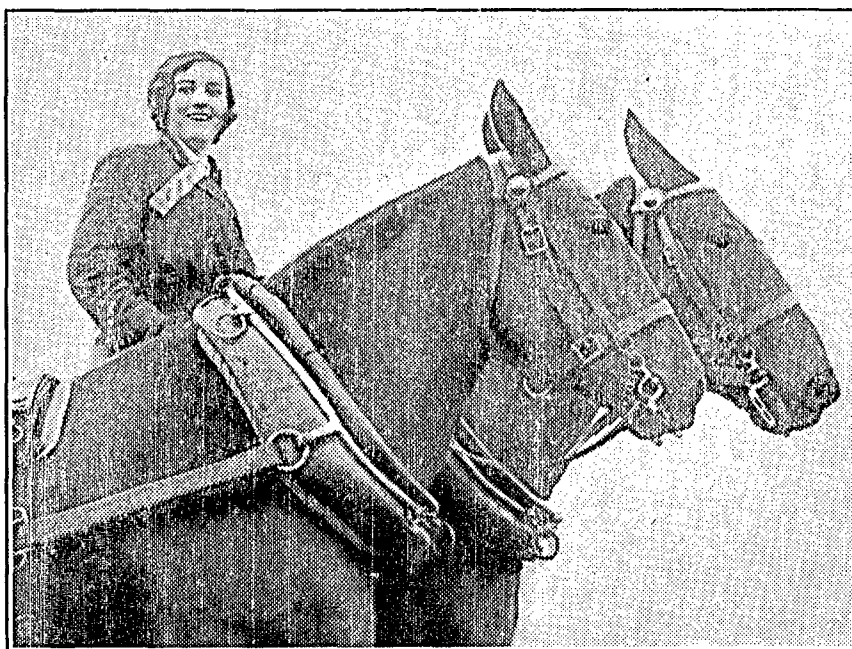
Children when taken there for the first time find with disappointment that there is neither elephant nor castle to justify the well-known name. They had an elephant there the other day, however, and the result was great excitement among the police and among the children.

The elephant was being paraded, placarded with posters, to advertise a cinema. The owner was summoned for his offence, and the court agreed that

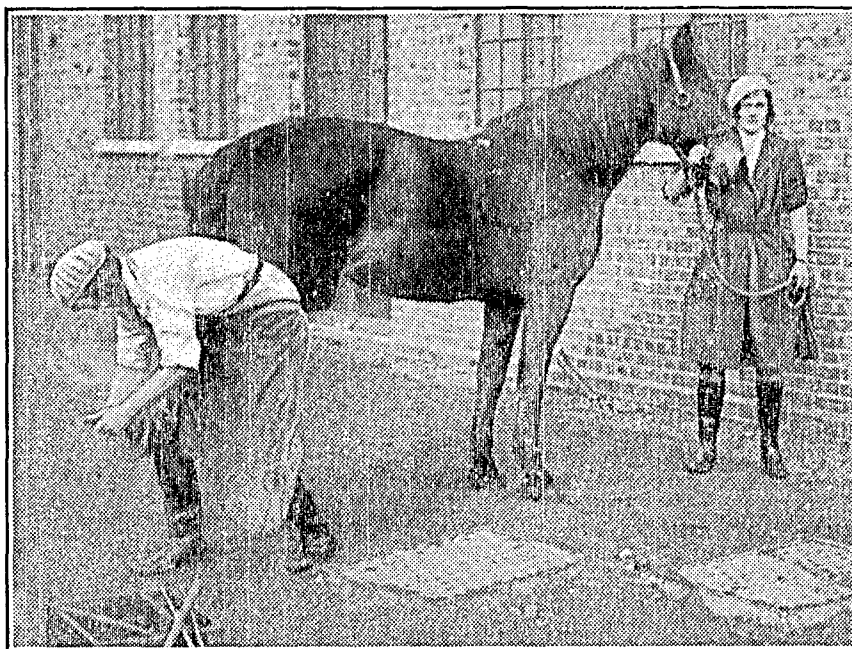
no more dangerous place could be chosen to permit so nervous an animal to march about in. The traffic was calculated to terrify the elephant, and the elephant was likely to be just as terrifying to horses.

A conviction was registered, and the defendant was discharged with a caution on paying the costs. Remembering what happened to the angry elephants in the last Lord Mayor's Show it cannot be denied that the court decided rightly, but it is strange that the police should not have forbidden the parade of this great creature in this way.

HELPING THE HELPLESS



A student and her horses



A girl as a farrier

On a farm in Essex, where these pictures were taken, a number of girls are being trained in all kinds of veterinary work by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.

Continued from the previous column

a special machine for weaving the borders of the beautiful "saris" Indian women wear. The smaller boys are engaged in making and engraving brass ornaments and animals.

Baranagar is a busy and happy centre, but a cloud has now come over it. Miss Evans had had to curtail some of her work owing to lameness, though she was still as energetic as ever. But she was no longer a young woman; illness overtook her, and she has now passed away among the people for whom she gave her life of love.

She was an Englishwoman of whom we may all be proud, and it is good to know that the Government of India recognised this by giving her the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal in 1912, and adding a bar to it in 1925.

SAMOPOMOTCH

This word, so strange to us, is very well known in Yugo-Slavia.

It is the name of a growing group of university students who do some outside work each day in order to earn money to pay for their classes and studies; it means Self-Help.

From six till eight in the morning the Self-Help student goes the milk round, and his lusty voice can be heard crying the Yugo-Slav equivalent for Milk-O. He can earn enough this way to pay for his board at the Student House in Belgrade.

The idea was first started about a year ago, and now eighty young people are earning enough to follow the classes at the university, with the whole day free in which to do it.

THE CAR AND THE TORTOISE

LIZZIE OF MOMBASA

The Strangest Car Insurance
Claim on Record

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN LIZZIE STOPPED TO THINK

Lizzie is in the public eye once more, Lizzie the pride of Mombasa.

Lizzie is a very fine, large tortoise about 200 years old. She has no desire for publicity. All she asks is to be let alone, and, generally speaking, she has her way.

When Lizzie is not sleeping she is either sunning herself in the grounds of a hotel where she gets vegetables for dinner or is strolling about the streets of Mombasa. Being the oldest resident and the slowest, no one dreams of interfering with her. She has royal privileges. More than once, when Lizzie has been crossing the street, there has been a hold-up of traffic similar to that when the King and Queen of England are crossing the road at Hyde Park Corner.

A Confectioner's Bright Idea

Not so long ago Lizzie became famous, and was photographed and written about in the papers. That was when a confectioner had the bright idea of advertising his new sweet bread on novel lines. It happened that Lizzie stopped to think a bit near his shop, stayed there still as a stone. The confectioner had a tin of paint handy, and while Lizzie was in retirement inside her shell, thinking, he painted a few large words on her carapace, and took his paint-pot back, smiling.

Presently Lizzie had thought enough and went on her way, not knowing that she was wearing on her back an advertisement for sweet bread. Next time she stopped to think someone photographed her and Lizzie became "news." Now she is news again.

It came about this way: A man wanted to sell a car and he took the car to a hotel in Mombasa, left it outside, and went indoors to see his client. He did not know that it was Lizzie's favourite hotel. While he was indoors Lizzie started on a little stroll.

Tact and Temper

Presently the man came out, having made terms with his client, to show the car's paces. He found he could not start her, and discovered that Lizzie had crept under the car and stopped to think a bit in the cool shade.

The whole weight of the back part of the car was on her shell, the hind wheels spinning clear of the ground.

With the greatest possible tact the two men approached Lizzie on the subject of moving on. She certainly crawled a pace or two and then sat down again, not having had her think out, as one might say.

The two men returned to the charge, perhaps with not quite so much tact. Lizzie lost her temper. She humped herself up under the car and crushed the bottom of the petrol tank up till it met the top, tearing away the tap and doing other damages. The car was seriously disabled.

So now Lizzie is news again. She is the chief character in the most extraordinary insurance claim ever known in the history of cars.

THE MERCURY TURBINE

Small turbines driven by the vapour of boiling mercury instead of by steam have been tried during the last year or two, but a very big turbine is now to be built for the new power plant of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

More than a hundred tons of mercury will be used in the boiler, which is of a very special type. The turbine will be of 26,700 horse-power, and the use of mercury vapour in place of steam is expected to show a big saving in fuel.

THOSE WHO LEARN NOTHING BLIND TO THE FACTS OF THE WORLD

How They Make Work Hard
Overseas For Our Motherland

THE NATIVE'S RIGHT TO HIS OWN LAND

We see how difficult it is to rule the world when we look about us and consider the sort of people who make life hard, even in our own land and under our own flag.

Even Mr Winston Churchill, who cannot plead youth and inexperience, has made a foolish speech on India which can only make the task of ruling India far more difficult than it is. For although the speech has no weight at home it can only inflame passions in India and encourage rebellion there.

In Africa and India

In Africa we have in a little group of white settlers the same blindness to fact that marks Mr Churchill's speech on India. Both Mr Churchill and these white settlers seem to have lived into these days like the Bourbons of France, learning nothing.

We deal with this question here because it is of profound importance to the welfare of all the people under the flag.

One of the strangest publications ever issued by a British Government was published a few weeks ago as a White Paper. It contains correspondence between the elected members of the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia and the British Colonial Office on the way in which native races should be treated by the white settlers in their midst.

The Spirit of the League

Seven years ago, when the Conservatives were in office, the Duke of Devonshire, as Colonial Secretary, published an official White Paper saying how the interests of the original native inhabitants of East Africa should be considered by white settlers who occupied and farmed lands there. Kenya was the region then specially referred to. The present Colonial Secretary, Lord Passfield, has re-affirmed this Instruction, and has applied it to British East Africa generally. The spirit of the Instruction is in accordance with the spirit of the League of Nations in giving a Mandate to civilised nations to control the government of backward races. That is, both the British Government and the League of Nations hold the view that where a land is inhabited by a large majority of backward races a small minority of incoming settlers should regard the interests of the original inhabitants as paramount.

White and Black in Rhodesia

But the elected members of the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia plainly announced that they dispute the right of either the British Government or the League of Nations to lay down for them a policy by which they must treat the natives of the land. They say in effect that it is their business; they know how to treat the natives and the British Government and its officials on the spot do not know how. In fact, they say that the British Government knows no more about the natives than the natives know about them.

To understand the questions raised we must know that Northern Rhodesia is a territory five times as big as England. In it, two years ago, lived 7536 white people, old and young, who have purchased about a hundredth part of its land. The natives were estimated, two years ago, to number 1,261,972, or 167 times as many as the whites.

The country is governed by a Governor appointed by the Crown and an Executive Council of five officials, with a Legislative Council of 16, a majority being officials. It is the elected minority of the Legislative Council who claim that the white settlers shall dictate the method

ITALY AS A WORKING STATE A Nation of Guilds NO STRIKES

Last year the Italian Parliament established a National Guild Council, a sort of Economic Parliament, under which is organised the entire working life of Italy.

This is in continuation of the Labour Laws of 1926 and 1927. Italy thus becomes a Guild State.

The work of the entire nation is organised in seven sections. The guilds are charged not only with the promotion of production and guidance of work, but with the honour and social status of their respective industries.

The general idea is that, while the nation is superior to the individual, the individual is to have free play within the laws of his guild. The seven guilds relate to agriculture, industry, commerce, banking, transport, the arts, and the professions. Each of these has power to form special guilds to deal with definite branches. Thus in January a Bread Guild was formed, comprising all those engaged in the baking industries, to study the prices and costs of flour, bread, pastes, and so on. Again, within the Arts Guild there is a separate branch guild dealing with the interests of those engaged in theatres, opera, and cinemas.

It is now equally impossible in Italy either for workmen to strike or for employers to lock-out their workpeople. Any dispute is settled under the guild system, and while agreement is being hammered out work continues.

THREE STUDENTS ON TOUR

Finding Out the Best Ways

Three students of California are now on tour studying the ways in which university students in Europe and America live.

Do they live in residential colleges as at Oxford and Cambridge or in lodgings? Do they band themselves into societies with coloured caps and sashes across their breasts as at Geneva and Heidelberg? What are the methods of bringing them together in a community life, and which is the best?

A committee having decided which is best California will doubtless benefit by having those methods introduced.

Continued from the previous column

of government for the whole land and supersede the British Government and its officials, whose business has been to ensure fair dealings alike for the white settlers and the vastly greater native population. They say the assumption of trusteeship by the Imperial Government is uncalled for; they resent the British Government exercising any care for the natives.

Having in this way coolly claimed the complete government of a land of which they own a mere fragment, and of a race which needs the fostering care of disinterested people, they propose to send a deputation to Lord Passfield to argue with him.

His reply is that he cannot put them to that expense as their views are wholly irreconcilable with the policy of the British Government and the difference of principle is so profound that discussion would be useless.

The whole incident, like the wild speech of Mr Churchill to which we have referred, is a remarkable example of how far apart from the main currents of the world's thoughts men may live in these modern days. Every sentence of this appeal to the Colonial Secretary is a proof of the absolute need for protecting the population of Northern Rhodesia from falling under the control of men who are blind to the conceptions of human progress, and especially blind to the English idea of justice and the honour of the British Commonwealth.

NEWS FROM TWO WORLDS The Village and Its Legacy

By a Country Correspondent

We hear little news of the fashionable world, but we are assured that the scarcity of young men is still so great that if a reluctant dancer goes to one party he is the recipient the next morning of twenty invitations.

Also we hear it is bad form to wear real jewellery; artificial is the thing!

Also, of course (and this is nice news from this generation), after a dinner-party or dance the guest must drop a line of gratitude to his hostess!

News in another sort of world we know is that our village has been left an unexpected legacy. The vicar and churchwardens have been given £300 by a man who loved to worship in our old church near the green-swelling downs. What is to be done with it? The oldest inhabitant wants a new organist. "Spend the three hundred in six bits (says she), in six fifties, and get a better man who'll help us to sing out."

Another village dignitary is all for spending the money in having the churchyard grass cut and rolled.

Mr Birkett, who has lived in Dorsetshire and knew Thomas Hardy, wants to revive the old custom of having stringed instruments in the church. "Spend the money on hiring two or three good musicians (says he), a violinist and a bass viol."

It is excessively agitating, and we shall have to hold a public meeting.

CHANGING COTTON INTO SILK

Revolutionary Harvesting

Most of us know that artificial silk, sometimes called Rayon, is made from the pulp of wood or other material. Attempts are now being made to use cotton as an artificial silk basis.

The idea is to cut down the whole of the cotton plant, fibre, seed, and stalk, and turn it into cellulose pulp. The investigators are endeavouring to ascertain how far this is practicable and to determine at what stage in the life of the cotton plant it contains the maximum of cellulose. It is hoped cotton can be grown profitably as a source of cellulose for the artificial silk trade.

One of the main features of the artificial silk industry is that its raw material is safe, as it can always rely on plentiful supplies. If this cotton experiment is successful it will be in an even better position.

THE QUAKERS DO A GOOD THING

List of Unprejudiced Hotels

How can we hasten the day when we shall call all men brothers whatever the colour of their skin?

An inquiry recently made in Bloomsbury showed that out of 15 boarding-houses in one street 14 are compelled by their white guests to refuse admittance to visitors of another colour.

It is good to see that the Quakers are giving proof of their real feeling for brotherhood by making a determined effort to bring about better relations on this subject. One of their decisions is to draw up a list of hotels and boarding-houses where guests are welcomed, whether white or not.

About the same time that this was happening a coloured delegate entered the French Cabinet for the first time in history. He is Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Miss Fanny Portlock, who has died at Finchley, was a servant in the same family for 72 years.

A LOST ESTATE Finding the Wandering Heir LORD COBHAM AND HIS ANCESTOR

Four hundred years ago or more Sir Thomas Brooke died and was buried, having made no great mark in the history of his time. He is now in the news again.

It might not have happened had he not married Joan, who was Baroness Cobham in her own right.

She survived him and brought up his sons and daughters.

Since then there have been some fourteen generations of Brookes or Cobhams, some of them who have kept the names and some who have not. If every descendant through these generations had been blessed with as many children as Sir Thomas and Lady Cobham there would be more than ten thousand of the family who had kept one of the family names, or more probably had acquired some others, forgetting they had ever had such ancestors.

A Testy Old Gentleman

There were always some who remembered. One was Mr Francis Capper Brooke, who died some forty years ago. He was a rather testy old gentleman, who so disliked the political opinions of his son as to mark his resentment by cutting off the heir with a shilling. The son contested the will, but it stood.

By its terms, though the son still lives and is now an old gentleman himself, the estate of Mr Francis Capper Brooke went to his daughter, but if she died without children (as she did) it was to pass to the heir on the male line of old Sir Thomas Brooke, whose name began this curious family history.

Now who among the ten thousand is the veritable heir? It is suggested that the present Lord Cobham might be, but there are others who might also be claimants to the lost estate.

Lord Cobham has remarked that, though he certainly had an ancestor Sir Thomas Brooke, the last thing he ever expected was to get any money from him. But he has filed a claim nevertheless, and we shall await with interest the upshot of this odd bit of family history. There is a good deal of unclaimed money in the land, but authority does not lightly part with it.

BRINGING UP A CHILD Some Curious Figures

They are very fond of estimating things in the United States, and one of the latest studies is that of the cost of bringing up a child.

The investigation refers to a family of moderate circumstances having an income of £500 a year. Taking the child of such a family the report shows the average cost of rearing a child from its birth until the age of 18:

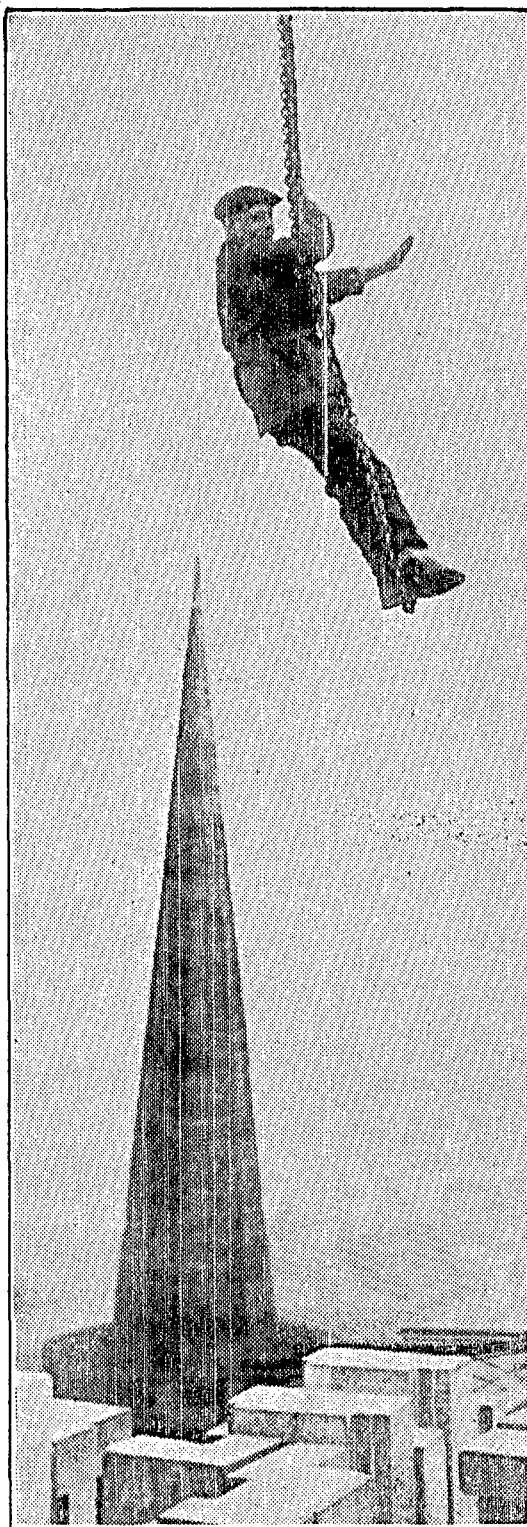
Preliminary costs	£50
Food	£500
Shelter and clothing	£680
Education	£10
Health	£57
Recreation	£26
Insurance	£10
Sundries	£114

For the eighteen years £1447

In America, of course, the greater part of the education costs are met by public authorities, and in this case it would be £220.

It should be remembered that 18 years are covered in this statement and that therefore the average is about £81 a year. It would be interesting to know how the figures would work out in England. We read this week a statement that in England the education of a child before the war in an elementary school cost £4, whereas it is now £16. But we know of no figures for England of the general cost of bringing up a child.

YACHTING IN LONDON • THE ENGINE HOSPITAL • FEEDING THE GULLS



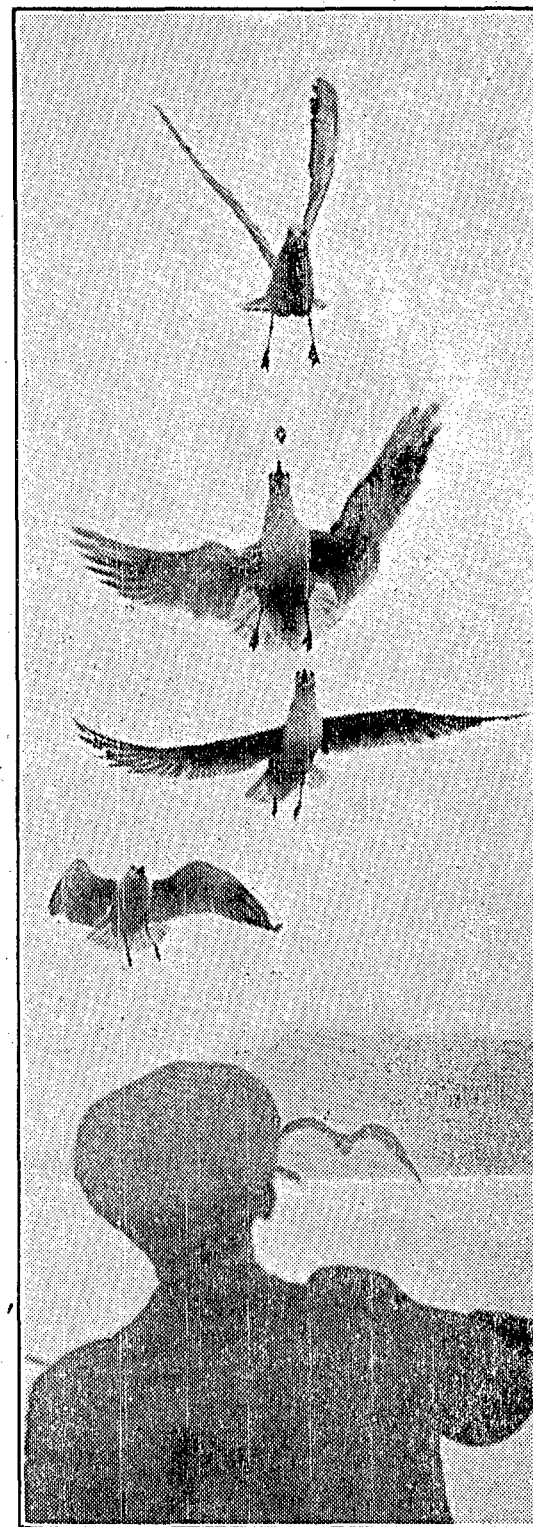
Going Down—A crane man working on the top of the new B.B.C. Building in London found this a quick and safe way of reaching the street.



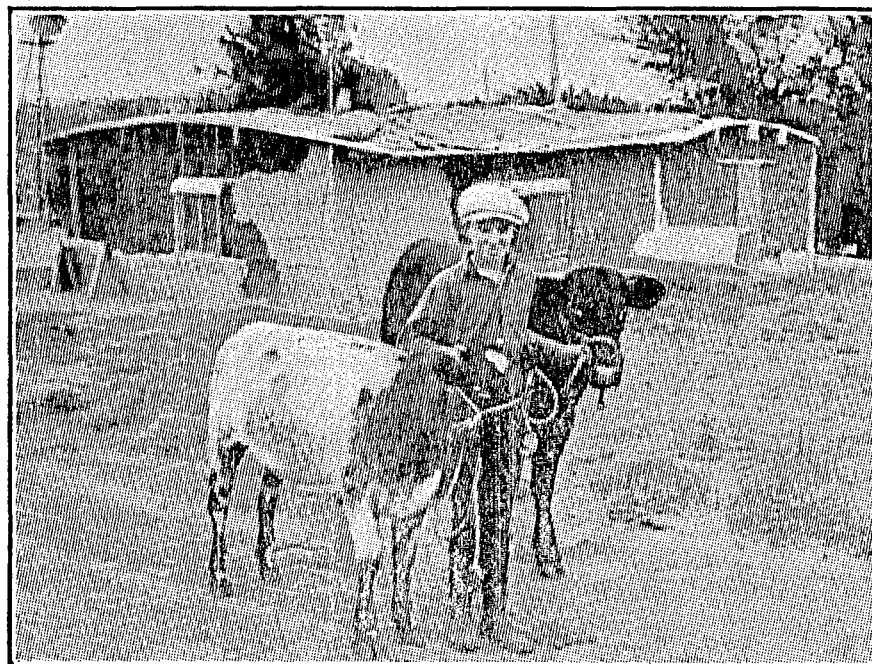
Not What It Seems—This is not one of the great yachts preparing for Cowes Regatta but a small one on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, where the Model Yacht Club met recently.



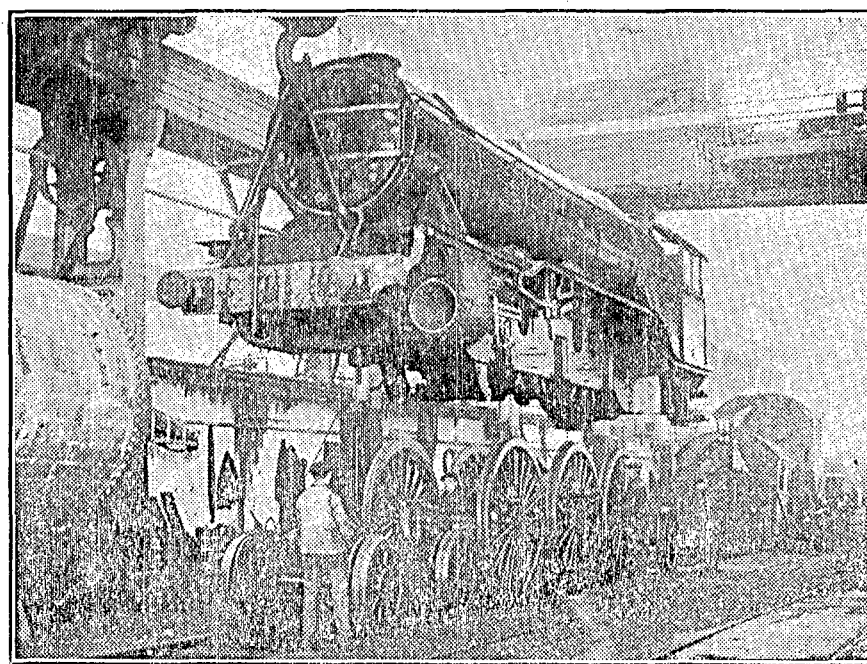
Giant Halibut—Trawlers returning to Hull after a fishing expedition to the seas off Greenland brought with them many large halibut. Two of them are being shown here in the market.



Gulls in Flight—The movements of a gull's wings are well illustrated in this remarkable picture of a man feeding the birds. One of the gulls is just about to catch a morsel.



A Young Farmer—On page 12 is told the story of the 4 H Clubs of America, the object of which is to train boys and girls in farmwork. Here is one of the club members with two young charges, the hut in the background being the boy's home.



The Engine Hospital—At the L.N.E.R. locomotive works at Doncaster many engines are being overhauled in readiness for the summer traffic. Two 45-ton cranes lowered this engine, 'Harvester', on to its wheels after it had been examined.

LADY BOUNTIFUL OF ONE ROOM

HOW BAD TEDDIE BECAME GOOD

A Probation Officer's Story of
a Backward Boy

NEWS FROM A NEW TOWN

The C.N. published the other day a fine story which was incorrect in one detail, and in writing to point it out a Probation Officer has sent another delightful tale of human kindness.

The truth of the first story is vouched for by an officer in the Salvation Army who has devoted 40 years to helping prisoners; the error was in saying that a boy who persistently played truant (in order to do a good deed in secret) was about to be committed to Borstal.

Only boys over 16 with a previous conviction can be sent to Borstal after they have stood their trial at the Assizes or Quarter Sessions. We should have said reformatory, not Borstal.

Self-Sacrificing Generosity

The C.N. sets truth above everything, and it is grateful to the lady who pointed out the slip; but this does not affect the things which made the story so well worth telling, the self-sacrificing generosity on the part of the boy and the splendid way in which the Probation Officer was able to solve this problem.

And now for the lady's story.

One day she received a complaint about a bad boy of 12 whom we will call Teddie. He seemed to spend most of his time in throwing mud at people's doors and stones at their windows. Unfortunately he was leading five brothers and sisters astray too.

The Probation Officer went to interview this rascal, and came away feeling rather sympathetic.

None of the children had been to school for some time, and they had no outlet for their energies. It is only too easy for a healthy youngster to get into mischief if he has nothing to do but drift about the streets.

Their Great Adventure

Teddie lived in a new L.C.C. estate of mushroom growth. It was called the City without a Spire when it was six years old; hardly a church was built for its 100,000 people. The schools were desperately overcrowded, and the six bad children had to await their turn.

The Probation Officer was able to arrange that places should be found for them quickly, and the six went joyously off to their great adventure. But they came home looking very crestfallen. Because the older ones had not been to school for so long and the younger ones had not been at all they were very backward for their ages, and big Teddie had to sit with tiny mites.

This was not going to do Teddie much good. The Probation Officer was worrying over him when she heard of a lady who had come to live in the new town after working in a London settlement.

A Beautiful Way of Life

She could only afford one room in a house, but she was rich in kindness and knowledge. She had come to serve, and she particularly liked to help tired mothers when there were sickness and trouble; but she also held little classes.

The Probation Officer wrote to her, and soon came a letter saying that this good lady had constituted herself private governess to the backward family.

What did it matter if the journey took up much of her time? Her coming cheered the tired mother and helped the children to make up for the years they had lost. The bad children became good, and the home became happy.

That good angel is still at work helping mothers and children in unofficial ways, and earning love from everyone she meets. It would be hard to find a more beautiful way of life.

THE SAGA OF LITTLE OLAF

A Kitten in the Atlantic

KIND HEARTS ON A GREAT LINER

Olaf was not a Norseman, neither was he a king; he was a courageous little kitten in the Atlantic.

Olaf, although he swam by himself, did not walk by himself, for many were his friends on board the new 17,000-ton liner Sud Americano. He was different from the cats of other stories, for when the Moon was up he did not walk waving his wild tail, but kept company with the watch.

His love of exercise cost him much. Perhaps he walked the deck's rail. We do not know. Perhaps it was inquisitiveness, together with a sort of vague feeling that all places should be alike to him. But, alas! he had to

Learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

"Cat overboard!" was the cry. The great liner stopped its engines. Bells were rung. The chief officer and six able seamen manned a lifeboat. Their hearts sank as the boat was lowered into the heavy seas. Could any animal weather such waves? Yes, Olaf could. They saw him with his small furry face out of the water, swimming bravely. His little heart-beats must have quickened when he heard those shouts. He swam on and was saved.

A true story like this is good to hear. Speed means much, but we are glad to know that our mariners think it worth while to lose a little time and face great perils to rescue a kitten.

THE BREAD QUEUES

Scenes in New York

It may interest readers if we pass on some little news of America gleaned from a lady just back from New York.

There are Bread Lines all over the place; she saw one all round a square, seven deep, mostly men.

A great firm of soup-makers had announced that it was their day, so these men were queue-ing up to enter, in turn, a large empty shop which had been taken. Here, at long counters, were served bowls of steaming soup and pieces of bread.

The next day some other company would be giving away some particular commodity with bread.

"But there must be so many folk left out," we could not help saying.

"There are so many charitable organisations that it is possible for all to get help," was the answer; "and also there is much State work for the unemployed, sand-sifting, and so on."

We are told that to see apple stalls at the corner of the streets is common. Some great firm has also to do with this. They sell their apples at a very low rate to the unemployed, who, in their turn, engage other unemployed to help to sell them.

TRIUMPH OF KETTERING

Town of A1 Babies

Kettering has good right to be proud. For three years running it has won the Silver Challenge Shield awarded for the best Baby Week held in our large towns, and now it is entitled to hold the shield permanently.

Here is a challenge to the rest of us. Shall Kettering win in 1931 also?

It might have been thought that some brand new Garden City would have carried off the prize, instead of ancient Kettering, but Kettering beats them all. She is perfectly up-to-date in the matter of baby welfare, and the encyclopedias must now be amended to say of Kettering that "the chief manufactures are boots, shoes, brushes, clothing, agricultural implements, and grade A1 babies."

LIONS AND PEOPLE

Looking at One Another in Uganda

THE POOR NATIVE'S POULTRY

In the Kruger National Park, one of the great game reserves of South Africa, the tourist can see the lion at home. The trouble is that he is making himself too much at home.

The King of Beasts is treated quite royally. There is smaller game for him to hunt, buck and antelope and so forth, not to speak of crocodiles and snakes if his fancy leans that way. That he is in no danger of starving is proved by the way the lion population is increasing.

The Warden of the Preserve, Colonel Stevenson Hamilton, declares that in spite of all accidents and misadventures their numbers have increased by a quarter in the last five years. He has seen a troop of 18 lions, mostly cubs, going off hunting together.

Raiding the Hen Roosts

But the lions, young or old, seem far from making a practice of doing one kind deed a day. On the contrary, the habit of raiding hen roosts, mentioned on the C.N. Map recently, is growing among them. It is a most illiberal proceeding. The poultry generally belongs to the poor natives, who cannot afford to be taxed in this way.

Usually it is the young cubs who have taken to this form of robbery, but nearly as often the females will lead the way. These shameless hussies climb on to the roosts and paw the hens out wholesale. The habit seems to be spreading to lions old enough to know better and big enough to hunt higher game.

Something will have to be done about it. At present tourists in motor-cars are respected. At all events the lions allow the cars to come so close that snapshots can be taken without peril. In some cases the King of Beasts has refused to move out of the way when a motor-car approached.

A golden mean must be preserved between an indifference to the cars on the lion's part and a possible inclination to make himself too much at home with them—as with the poultry runs.

WAGES THAT SHOULD NOT BE PAID

And a Trade That Must Be Stopped

People who find it hard to believe in the existence of the drug evil will be surprised to read of men unloading barges at Boulac on the Nile and receiving for wages no money but food, shelter, and *four packets of heroin a day*.

Information of this reached the ears of the police, and the two foremen in charge were actually caught in the act of making up the packets, one of them with 150 such packets already in his pocket, with a list of men's names.

From America comes news of the arrival at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, of the British vessel Raby Castle with a Chinese crew aboard, which necessitated the precaution of a search for opium. The hammers tapping here, there, and everywhere for suspicious hollow places were finally answered by the tell-tale sound at the base of a tall steel mast where some fresh paint had been noticed. An opening was made, and tin after tin came to light containing opium. Further search resulted in a haul of 2000 tins, to the value of thousands of pounds. The declared cargo was hemp, teas, and spices, and the vessel came from Port Said. The owners are liable to a fine equal in amount to the value of the opium discovered if it is proved that they knew of the consignment.

Such news makes us glad to see leaders of the International Criminal Police joining forces with the League of Nations Committee in its campaign.

THE ODD THINGS WE DO

WHY DO WE DO THEM?

An Encyclopedia of the Manners and Customs of Mankind

NEW WORK NOW BEGINNING

Manners and Customs of Mankind. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. Fortnightly Parts at 1s 3d.

To those who like finding out the how and why of things, and discovering in the present interesting relics of the past, there are few more fascinating subjects than manners and customs.

Take, as an example, a wedding. The average bride would not think of being married in anything but white, and she wears a veil and orange blossoms. She is accompanied by bridesmaids, and the bridegroom has a best man. The chief symbol at the marriage ceremony is a gold ring. Yet how many of those who take part in a wedding have the slightest idea why these customs exist?

At the Altar

For more than 2000 years white has been regarded as a symbol of purity, and the reason the bride wears white is to announce to the world her untarnished character. In these days of woman's freedom a veil is still worn, but this part of the bridal attire is a relic from the old days when a woman was covered as a symbol of submission to her husband.

The bridesmaids are the quietest and meekest of attendants at a wedding, but they really stand for an ancient escort which was anything but quiet and meek. In the old days when brides were won by capture the husband was accompanied by friends to help him in kidnapping the bride. Her friends would rally round her to prevent the capture, and so there would be a free fight.

Origin of the Wedding-Ring

When marriage by capture fell into disuse it became the custom for the bride to pretend that she was being kidnapped and was unwilling to go with the bridegroom. Her friends carried on the pretence by feigning to attack the bridegroom in an attempt at rescue. Gradually this practice ceased, but the escort remained, and we see its survival in the bridesmaids and the best man.

The origin of the wedding-ring is lost in the obscurity of the past, but there is little doubt that it came into use because the circle was regarded as a symbol of the eternity of the marriage vows.

It is the same with other customs as with marriage. The things we do at Christmas and Easter, the way we wear our clothes, many of the sayings we hear and use daily (such as touch wood), are all relics of the past.

A great mass of remarkable information on these subjects has been gathered together into this profusely illustrated work edited by an old friend of the C.N., Mr J. A. Hammerton, whose other books about peoples and their ways are so well known.

Splendid Photographs

The old customs connected with sport and the chase, burials, religious ceremonies, oddities of human conduct, ancient political customs and legal customs, school practices, and so on, together with the ceremonies of courtship and marriage in all lands, and practices connected with medicine, magic, taboo, and superstition, are all set forth and illustrated with a wealth of photographs.

Racial manners and etiquette find an important place, and there is a great deal of notable information about dances. We see again and again how the distant past lives in the present, and how civilised man still carries on the habits of his savage ancestors.

The book is illustrated with hundreds of pictures, including a magnificent series of colour plates.

PLUTO

THE NEWLY-FOUND
PLANETLittle World Pulls Big Ones
Out of Their Paths

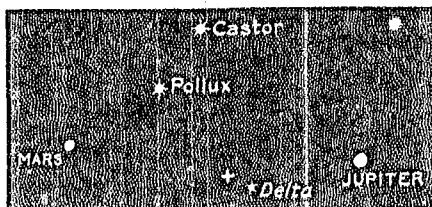
A STRANGE ORBIT

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planets Jupiter and Mars are now producing a curious geometrical arrangement relative to the stars Castor and Pollux, the whole quartette constituting a striking feature in the north-west sky.

Both Jupiter and Mars have by now considerably increased their distance from us, and so are becoming perceptibly less brilliant. Now, while both these planets appear to be slowly approaching one another, they are also apparently travelling toward the newly-discovered world Pluto, the outermost planet of the Solar System.

As seen from our point of view in space this little world beyond Neptune appears to be midway between Mars and Jupiter, as indicated on the star-map.



The position of Pluto marked with a cross

But of course this far-off world is quite invisible to us, being of only fifteenth magnitude. It is, however, something to know exactly where it is—about three times the Moon's apparent width to the left of the star Delta in Gemini.

At such an immense distance, averaging about 3800 million miles (twice as far as Uranus), it is obvious that we cannot expect to see much of a world which appears to be only half the diameter of our own and not quite as large as Mars. However, so far as it has been possible to find out anything about Pluto it appears to be the most remarkable of all the Sun's family of worlds.

For one thing, although this average distance has been computed to be Pluto's average distance from the Sun when at its farthest, at aphelion, Pluto is upward of 4650 million miles from the Sun. On the other hand, when Pluto is at its nearest, at perihelion, it is not much more than 2300 million miles away. It is then not so far as Neptune, which regains for several years its original unique position of being the farthest planet from the Sun. We learn, therefore, that Pluto revolves in an orbit of great eccentricity, and so is very much of an oval.

Pluto's Immense Pulling Power

Another and still more remarkable feature is that this far-off world, notwithstanding its smallness (it is not more than one-sixth the size of the Earth), is nevertheless over four times as heavy. It is exceedingly massive and must be composed of very heavy materials. Its weight, as the astronomer W. H. Pickering (who deserves to share with Percival Lowell the honour of discovering Pluto) expressed it, is on an average about one and a half times that of platinum.

This is known to be so because Pluto, though so small that it appears of only fifteenth magnitude and cannot be more than 4000 miles in diameter, is so massive that it can pull the planet Neptune 1000 million miles away out of its path. Neptune is some 450 times the size of Pluto, but the smaller planet draws it out of its true place in the heavens nearly 4 seconds of arc. This at the distance of Neptune amounts to about 40,000 miles. Pluto also pulled Uranus, a great world some 370 times the size of itself, out of place, but to a lesser degree, owing to the greater distance of Uranus. G. F. M.

THE IGNORANT
PEOPLERussia and China Dealing
With Them

A great effort is being made to reduce the very large number of illiterate grown-ups in Russia. Numerous courses have been started which last year had about 700,000 pupils, and it is expected that two million illiterates will take part in them this year.

China also is tackling the tremendous problem of giving to the illiterates a solid and practical education, realising that the only hope of national reconstruction lies in having an educated and intelligent population. The Minister of Public Instruction has just said that the number of boys and girls of school age who are unable to read or write is about 37 millions. Over a million teachers are needed. These figures give us some small idea of the difficulties China has to face in carrying out her big resolve.

According to a statement made in our House of Commons at the beginning of last century only one in twenty of the adult population of England at that time could read and write.

THE FALSE CLOAK
Alcohol is Bad for You

By Sir Arthur Newsholme

Our late Chief Medical Officer, Sir Arthur Newsholme, has been saying some wise things on a favourite topic of the C.N.

Alcohol does create a sense of ease, comfort, self-satisfaction, and forgetfulness. It is because of this that alcohol has been sought after in all the ages from the time of Noah onward.

Alcohol may be bad, but it makes one feel good. That is why people go on taking it. This method of throwing a cloak over the mishaps of the day is a very bad method. Alcohol puts out of action the conscience and annuls the reasoning powers. In effect it is a means of throwing a cloak over all previous happenings. No person should, therefore, drink during working hours, while any man who employs a chauffeur who is not an abstainer is a fool.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Many Languages Are There?

The number of languages and dialects is over 3400.

How Long Have Farthings Been
in Circulation?

The first copper farthings were issued by Charles II in 1672. Silver farthings were used from the reign of Edward I to 1555.

Which Are the Cunard Steamers?

Berengaria, Aquitania, Mauretania, Franconia, Carinthia, Samaria, Scythia, Laconia, Caronia, Carmania, Lancastria, Tuscania, Alaudia, Ausonia, Andania, Antonia, Aurania, Ascania.

How Many English Words Are There?

The great scholar Max-Müller estimated the number at 100,000. If we count the dialect words little used or entirely forgotten today this figure would probably be double. Science and industry are daily adding new words to our language. Shakespeare used about 21,000.

Who Invented Christmas Crackers?

They were invented by Tom Smith. He brought from Paris to England the idea of selling a sugared almond wrapped in tissue paper as an additional ornament to Christmas cakes. This was known as a bon-bon. He next inserted the love motto. Later the pops of a burning log gave him the idea of the surprise bang and the cracker to pull was inserted, a stronger paper covering being added. Caps and toys were a later addition by his sons and successors.

C. L. N.

A Story From History
THE EMPRESS AND THE
COMPOSER

Number of Members—24,105

"Poor China!" said someone the other day. "Her trouble is—too many marshals and no Paisiello!"

What is a Paisiello? When he was asked to explain the speaker related this story.

Catherine the Second may have been a hard woman with no true love of the arts, but she could perceive that art has its value. To give lustre to her Court she offered an appointment to Giovanni Paisiello, who surely composed operas more quickly than anyone else who ever lived, for he wrote nearly fifty in 13 years. He entered the service of the Empress in 1776, and to her delight composed the most famous of his works, The Barber of Seville, while at the Russian Court.

Surprise for the Marshal

Now there was somebody who was not pleased by Paisiello's success, and it was Marshal Beloselsky. He despised the composer for being a foreigner, and detested him for being a musician. Such people ought not to be allowed to mix with courtiers as if they were equals!

He went out of his way to be rude, and one day, having picked a quarrel, he struck Paisiello. The musician repaid the blow with interest.

Beloselsky could not defend himself from the hail of thumps; he was so astonished that such a common fellow should dare to strike him at all. When he did recover he went storming to the Empress, demanding that she should dismiss Paisiello for having struck a Marshal of the Empire. Catherine replied that she would do nothing of the sort, adding: "It is in my power, sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paisiello."

The People Who Only Undo

Poor China! She seems to make generals by the dozen, and is torn to pieces by these rival warriors. Soldiers and bandits take it in turn to sack the towns. Politicians rise, and fall before we have learned their names. In such turmoil art cannot flourish, any more than flowers can grow in a volcano. How often it is that the men of action, who think they are the people who get things done, are really the people who only undo. And how often it is that the inoffensive Paisiellos, who rattle no swords, are the people who really do things. They do not flourish in a country racked by war, and we must all hope for the speedy ending of war all over the world.

What are you doing to get rid of the enemy of our civilisation, the destroyer of happiness and life? We can have peace, said Mr Henderson, our Foreign Minister, the other day, when we want it. *We must want it enough*; that is all. Do you want it enough to spend sixpence in buying your badge for the C.L.N. or to persuade your best friend to join us?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of
Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1

No letters should be
sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

A Little War Stopped in Time—page 1

Brighton made £10,500 from its beach last summer.

There were 25 cases of lynching in America last year compared with 12 in 1929.

The Kolynos Kiddies

No 4



The Kolynos Kiddies,
Both Colin and Kate,
Were bathing dog Spot,
Quite resigned to his fate.

Said Colin: "His teeth
Are so clean and so bright,
I'm sure HE'S tried Kolynos
Morning and night!"

Nature provides for the preservation and strengthening of a dog's teeth by the bones which it gnaws. Human beings eat many soft foods which would undoubtedly lead to the decay of the teeth unless special methods were used to keep them clean.

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush is sufficient to free the mouth from all particles of food after a meal, to strengthen the gums, and to drive away all the acid-germs which have collected. Kolynos leaves a lovely feeling of real cleanliness in the mouth.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50D), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.



26

EXTRA COTS

(for children under five)

ARE BEING PROVIDED AT

THE

QUEEN'S
HOSPITAL

FOR

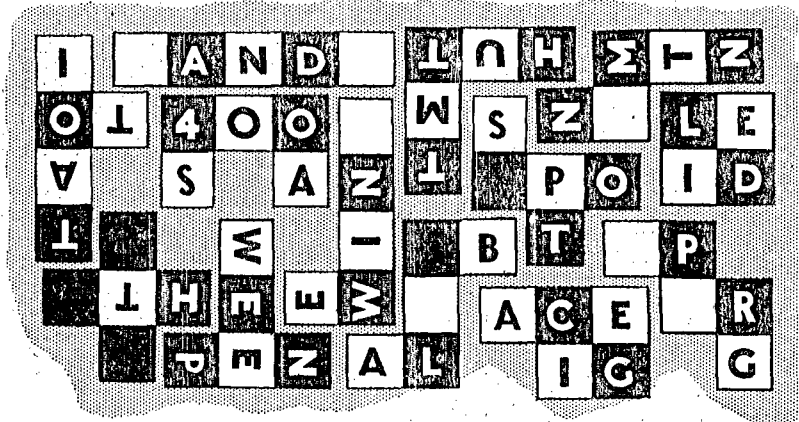
CHILDREN

Hackney Road, E.2.

YOUNG PEOPLE!

HELP TO SAVE YOUNG LIVES.
Please send a donation to the Secretary.

CAN YOU DECIPHER THIS CODE MESSAGE FOUND ON A DESERT ISLAND?



AN ADVENTURE OF SUNNY JIM

After about a week's sailing under a cloudless sky, Sunny Jim sighted an island. Altering his helm two points, he bore straight down upon it, and a few hours later ran the boat up on the beach and stepped ashore, making the boat fast by driving the small anchor into the sand.

Sunny Jim had observed no one on his approach, so he concluded that the island was uninhabited. However, a little above high-water mark he saw the wreck of a ship's longboat, and further up the strand there seemed to be a rough dwelling, set behind a group of cocoa-nut palms.

On approaching the building cautiously, Sunny Jim found it to be a ramshackle hut carelessly thrown together from rushes and pieces of driftwood, and quite empty except for the broken pieces of a draught-board. On examining these, he found that each square contained a letter. He puzzled over the pieces as he sat at his supper of "Force" with cocoa-nut milk. There's nothing like "Force" when you're on a cruise, says Sunny Jim. It's practically a complete meal on its own, keeping you healthy and giving you plenty of energy.

By the aid of his ship's lamp, Sunny Jim sat up until late, trying to solve the mystery. At last he hit on the solution. Can you guess what it was? Perhaps you can solve it yourself—the pieces are all shown above. Cut them out and arrange them to form a perfect draught-board, and you will be able to read the message.

A SAMPLE PACKET OF "FORCE" AND A COPY OF SUNNY JIM'S NEW GAME WILL BE GIVEN FREE TO ALL WHO SEND SUNNY JIM THE CORRECT SOLUTION BEFORE MARCH 25th!

(This offer applies in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.) Send your solution to Sunny Jim (Dept. C.F.4), 197, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, and look out in this paper for the continuation of this exciting adventure.

Most strong and healthy boys and girls are regular eaters of "Force," Sunny Jim's famous whole wheat food. If you are not one of these lucky ones the free sample will enable you to try the scrumptious, crispy flakes. Get mother to serve them with hot or cold milk for breakfast, save a little, and try the most delicious dish of all at dinner-time—"Force" with sliced bananas and milk. No cooking is required, "Force" is served straight from the packet.

Boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, eat "Force" regularly for breakfast, because it is so good a food to start the day. "Force" makes their bodies strong and virile, their brains clear, their muscles supple. "Force" is made from the finest whole wheat. It contains the wonderful vitamins and nourishment of this King of Cereals. Ask mother to get it for you regularly—you should get this benefit too!

"FORCE"

WHOLE WHEAT IN FLAKES

The food for fit folk!



RESULTS OF SUNNY JIM'S SCHOOLBOYS' EXHIBITION ESSAY COMPETITION

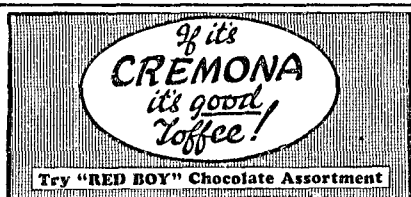
(From Schoolboys' Exhibition, Olympia, London)

	SECTION ONE	SECTION TWO	SECTION THREE
1st PRIZE	R. G. Watling, The Croft, Iver Village, Bucks. Rd., Walthamstow, E. 17	G. Bramhall, 71 Greenleaf Lane Rd., Highgate, N. 6	D. C. Lloyd, 6 Southwood
2nd PRIZE	K. P. Whitehorn, 205 Hither St., Gr'n. L'ne., Lewisham, S.E.13	J. A. Unwin, 270 King St., Hammersmith, W. 6	Lawn Rd., Highgate, N. 6
3rd PRIZE	J. R. Freeman, "Treholme," 3 Avenue Road, Harold Wood, Romford, Essex	S. W. Johnson, 1 Duke's Ct., Duke of Connaught's Place, Stamford Hill, N. 16	W. J. Swift, 79 West St., Ryde, Isle of Wight

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

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President—WALTER SCOLDS, Esq.



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3 lbs. 10/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White or Navy 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

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EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

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and three slices of bread, butter or jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings. 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests? Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

FOR LITTLE ONE

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer
Baby too shall fly away. Tennyson

A Proverb

HE who will not work must want.

Tommy Snooks and Bessy Dooks

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Dooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessy Dooks,
Tomorrow will be Monday.

The Man Who Fell Asleep

ALEXANDRE DUMAS was at the theatre
with his friend Soumet during the
playing of a piece by that author
when Dumas noticed a man in the
audience asleep.

"Look at that," said he to Soumet.
"That's your work."

A week later they were at the theatre
again. This time a play by Dumas was
being acted. Again they saw the same
man sleeping.

"Look there," said Soumet, pointing
to the sleeper. "That is what
your work does."

"Why, my dear Soumet," said
Dumas, "that man has never yet
woken up from the sleep into which he
fell at your play."

A Verse From Charles Kingsley

THE world goes up and the world goes
down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's
frown
Can never come over again.

A Saying of Jesus

COME unto Me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will give
you rest.

A Fable From Aesop

THE LION AND THE BULL

A LION desired to secure a large bull
for food, and to get the bull into
his power he invited the beast to join
him in eating a fine sheep.

The bull accepted the invitation;
but when he arrived at the lion's den
he saw so many large pots and pans,
and such a great spit for roasting, that
he ran away.

"Where are you going?" said the
lion.

"I'm off home," replied the bull;
"for the preparations that I see seem
more suitable for a supper of roast bull
than for one of roast sheep."

Always keep your eyes open.

A Little Prayer

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

4 H

GREAT CLUB MOVEMENT

Training Young America
to Live on the Land

FARMERS OF THE FUTURE

It seems a strange title, that of the
4 H Clubs of America, but their objects
are far from strange.

They have arisen out of the American
movement to train farm children, and
the importance of this is very great, for
although the United States is the chief
manufacturing country in the world it
has an enormous agricultural area,
output, and population, including both
white folk and black.

On the whole agriculture has so far
benefited less by scientific teaching than
industry and there is no doubt that the
world's food and organic materials can
be produced in increasing quantity and
quality given widespread agricultural
education. The American Department
of Agriculture attaches great importance
to work among the young.

A Splendid Pledge

Actually there are in America eleven
million rural boys and girls from ten to
eighteen of whom nearly a third do not
attend school. The object of the club
movement is to interest this great army
of children in the real work of their
lives. The clubs are called 4 H Clubs
because their general object is to develop
the Head, the Heart, the Hands, and the
Health. The members, like our Boy
Scouts, pledge themselves to pursue
these objects, and here is the splendid
pledge:

I pledge my head to clearer thinking,
my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to
larger service, and my health to better
living, for my club, my community, and
my country.

Learning by Doing

The clubs interest their members in
all sorts of farm work, from raising
animals to planting and caring for crops,
from learning to judge livestock and seeds
to dairying and forestry, from canning
and preserving to cooking, and from
farm and home management to sanitation
and hygiene. The girls study not only
domestic subjects, but poultry, dairying,
gardening, and food preservation. Some
of the members have been so successful
that they have been sent abroad to compete
in international contests.

Men train the boys and women the
girls. These instructors have central
offices and carry out practical demonstrations.
Work is both theoretical and
practical. The motto is: Club work is
learning by doing. If a boy decides to
raise a pig he has to feed it and care for
it in the best practical way as directed by
the instructor. He learns not only how
to feed it, but how to keep a proper
account of what the food costs, and so
forth. Thus he becomes at once a practical
pig-keeper and a man of affairs.

What an Italian Boy Did

We learn how a boy, the son of poor
immigrants from Central Europe, won
the prize as national champion junior
dairy cattle judge of the United States.
In another case it is reported that one
of the delegates to the national camp or
gathering of the 4 H Clubs was an
Italian boy from Connecticut, who succeeded
in his spare time in raising a herd
of five registered Southdown sheep,
several Ayrshire heifers, one of which
took the grand prize at the Eastern
States Exposition, and one of the five
best flocks of Rhode Island Red chickens
in the State. His poultry plant is
equipped with electric light, trap nests,
modern coal-burning brooders, and a
mammoth Newton incubator of 1200
eggs capacity. His stock and equipment
are valued at £500!

A German girl is said to have canned,
in one season, 371 quarts of fruits, vegetables,
meats, jellies, and jams, having
a value of £35, in addition to doing
much other work. Picture on page 9

RICHARD LUCKLESS

Serial Story by
Mary Carruthers

CHAPTER 21

The Needle in the Bottle of Hay

AN old grey-haired clerk opened the door of Mr Jermyn's chambers and ushered in two ladies.

"Miss Vaine and Miss Drusilla. This is a surprise!" said Joseph Jermyn, rising to greet them with respect. "What wind has blown you here from Devon?"

"A fortunate one, I hope," said Deborah. "Mr Jermyn, we have heard news which leads us to believe that our lost nephew may be alive. We have come to you to see if you can help us to find him."

"What was it you heard?" asked he.

"My nephew Rupert always averred he knew nought of his cousin's disappearance," she replied. "Last week he let slide that the evidence of Richard's death was false, and that he was privy to his flight. More, he had given a valuable band of jewels to him in settlement of a debt. It seems as if there had been a compact between them. But Rupert does not know where the other is now. What we want to find is a clue to his whereabouts. Richard had very little money on him when he left us, but he must have had the jewels. They were a prized heirloom in the family. I do not think he would have sold them except as a last resort. Did he come to you and ask for his mother's money?"

"Six months after my young cousin disappeared," said Jermyn, "a rogue came to my chambers impersonating him. He had a knowledge of the Vaine and Jermyn families. Personable and well dressed, he well-nigh deceived me. But when I refused him the money that he demanded he flew into a frenzy, avowed himself to be Jankyn, my cousin's bodyservant, and flung out of the house in a rage. I did not trouble your father with the tale of this impostor. It was no avail to raise his hopes."

"But the youth could not have been Jankyn," said Miss Drusilla. "Jankyn ran off to sea a week after Richard left us. He has been in America ever since. What account did the youth who visited you give of himself?"

"He said his cousin Sir Rupert had ousted him in your affections," the lawyer replied, "and that the two could not live peaceably together. They had drawn lots for the inheritance, the one who lost was to disappear."

The sisters looked at each other in enlightenment.

"That sounds a likely story," said Miss Deborah. "It explains the gift of the emerald band. What was he like in appearance?"

"Tall and comely, of a golden brownness in hair and colouring, with grey eyes and a tight-lipped mouth. His voice was very musical."

"If that be not Richard Vaine it must be his double," said Miss Deborah. "Did he say anything of his plans?"

Jermyn shook his head. "All that I can remember now is that he said he meant to join the Army. But our Lord Protector hath many commanders—it will be looking for a needle in a bottle of hay."

"Our nephew will be serving under General Monk and no one else," said Drusilla with unexpected decision. "He is a Devon man; we knew him long ago. He is the commander Richard would choose."

"I will go to Headquarters and see if I can find the name among the list of men and officers serving in Scotland," said Jermyn. "Anything I can do to atone for the error of driving him away—"

The name of Vaine was not to be found in any of Monk's regiments, but Miss Drusilla was unshaken in her conviction that Richard was with him in Scotland.

"He will be serving under a feigned name," said she. "George Monk will help us; we must take coach to Leith."

"The journey is too long and hard for you both," said Jermyn. "Why not ask Sir Rupert to undertake it?"

"Mr Jermyn, we can ask him nothing," said Deborah, gulping. "He is not kind to us—I do not think that we shall ever return to Reynard's Retreat. In the meantime we shall go to Scotland. My sister is bent on it, and sometimes her feelings are more right than other people's reasons."

"Well, it is a wild goose chase, I warn you," said Jermyn, "but I will do what I can to forward it. There are rich English settlers in Leith. General Monk keeps sending for them—one of them, a client of mine and a gentleman of good repute—is on his way back there tomorrow. Travelling is safe on the borders now. Still, it would be

as well if you were to travel in Master Bolton's convoy."

To this the sisters thankfully agreed.

Before the party could set out on the morrow a mounted messenger came spurring, post haste from Reynard's Retreat, with the news of the drowning of Rupert and his mother.

"I would weep for him if he were the last of the Vaines," said Deborah. "Better even he should live than that the family should die out with us, but, pray Heaven, Richard may be living still. Reynard's Retreat must take care of itself; we must go to Scotland to seek for him."

And away they journeyed, more determined than ever to find the outcast, who was now the last of their family—and the head of it—Sir Richard Vaine.

CHAPTER 22

The Casting of Lots

BARBARA was uneasy about Richard.

For a week she had not seen him or either of his friends. There had been trouble in the garrison, she knew. The last regiment Cromwell had sent them was wild, unruly. Cromwell had a way of sending his most insubordinate troops to be moulded into discipline by the master hand of Monk.

"A week is too long," said she to herself. "I must pluck up heart, go to the Citadel and ask after him."

Before long Barbara was making her way through the rows of low tiled-roofed houses built for the soldiery to Cromwell's Castle.

It stood a massive five-sided tower on the open beach near the sands of Leith. The east wind blew the sea spray into Barbara's face as she halted by the great strong archway leading into the Citadel, thirty feet long, tunnelled through tall, heavy walls of earth, faced with great unhewn stones. Before it a sour-faced sentry was pacing. Disregarding his churlish looks Barbara addressed him.

"Is the trouble well ended in the Castle?" she asked him in lowered tones.

"The mutiny is ended, if that is what you mean," he answered roughly, "and the ringleaders have been caught and clapped into prison. The four will swing tomorrow."

"To hang!" said Barbara, paling. "And they men in their prime, I make no doubt." In her heart she felt sure that Richard was one of the doomed four. She steeled herself to ask the question. "Can you tell me the names of the ringleaders?"

"What is that to you?" he answered sharply. "Away with you; the General is on his rounds. He has no love for petticoats hanging round the Citadel. Off with you, Redhead, I say!"

Barbara returned to Newhaven and filled her creel with the fresh oysters intended for a laird's larder, then made her way back to Leith again. She would try the sentry in the little gateway in the ramparts, and see what she could get out of him.

Boldly round the bastion she came with her creel, as on her lawful occasion. One glance told her that the sentry guarding this gate would be easier to deal with than the last. The oysters were offered and gratefully accepted.

"Can you tell me aught of those four poor fellows who are to die tomorrow?" she asked.

"I have the best of good news of them, mistress," he returned. "Dr Gumble, the General's chaplain, has spoken for them; the General has shown mercy upon them. Only one of them is to die. The four were to draw lots who was to be that one. Dick Luckless drew the black bullet—little wonder, with a name like that!"

"Aye, it would fall to him," said she, half stunned for the moment; then reviving: "Do you think I could see him? He saved me from drowning. I am the only friend he has in Scotland. Grace is allowed to those about to die. How can I win my way into the Citadel to see him?"

"No more chance of your doing that than the King across the water. But Luckless is not in the Citadel; he was marched to the Tolbooth at midday," said the man. "He will be hanged on Leith sands tomorrow, when the tide goes down."

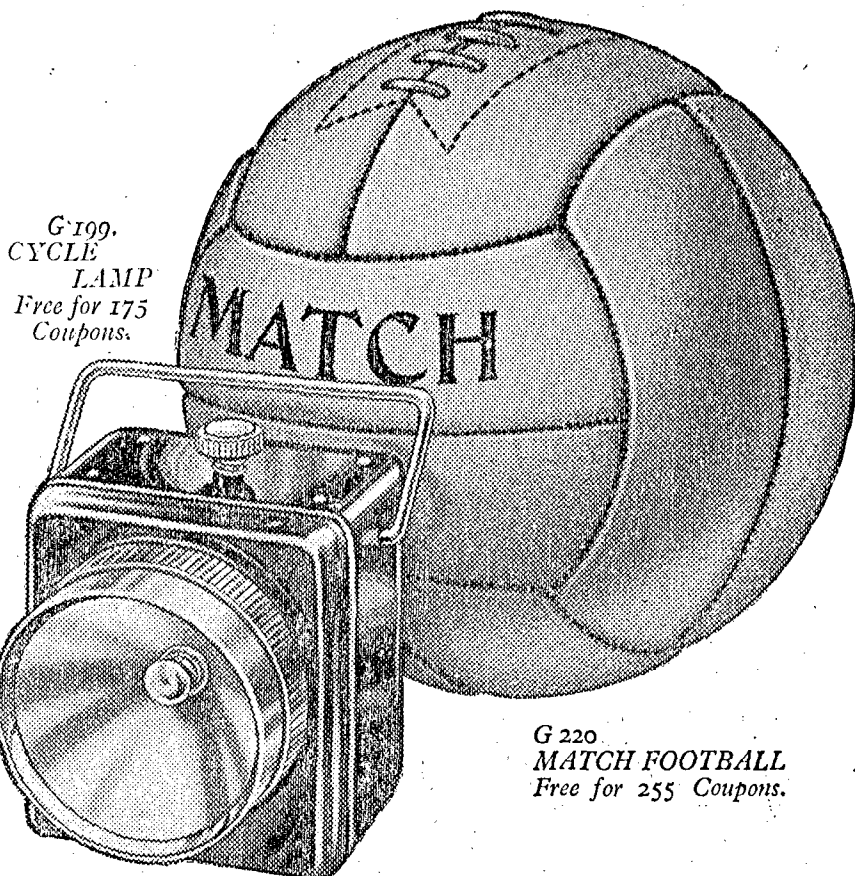
In a few moments Barbara was speeding up the Tolbooth wynd, leaping up the steep Tolbooth stairs. The gaolkeeper of the Tolbooth was a Leithier, ready to please the beauty of the fishwives there.

"No smuggling him out in your coats afterwards though," said he, "or I will have to answer to the Governor."

The door slammed behind her, and the bar shot home. Like a leaping flame she came into the gloomy room.

Continued on the next page

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LAMP
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Coupons.

G 220
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Richard was sitting, cooler and more placid than she had ever known him, playing a game of Patience on the rude trestle table. He rose as she came in, and took her by the hands.

"An hour ago I caught the glint of your hair as you went down the wynd," said he. "I knew you would not be long in finding out where I was."

"Oh, Richard, this cruel, cruel casting of lots!" she cried, clinging to him. "Will it never be finished?"

"It has ended now," said he; "I have faced my luck and broken it. The black bullet did not come my way by chance. I took it from the grip of my comrade, who would have had wife and children to mourn for him. I have no one."

"I would weep for you," said Barbara, "if you were to die; but no, that death shall not be yours."

"Not a very noble one, I must avow," said he. "To hang with the pirates' bones on the gallows on Leith sands! I am thankful that I shall die under a name that is not my own, and that none of my kinsfolk will know."

From his jerkin he withdrew a leather wallet.

"I have something to give you, Barbara, as a parting gift," he said, and he pressed the emerald hatband in her hand. "The jewels are of great value. Sell them; but be wary how or to whom you sell them, and the price will make life different to you. Take them"—as she still hung back. "Do not deny me the pleasure of knowing that I have raised you from the need of crying Fish down the Cowgate with the wind and the sleet in your face."

"I will take it for the meantime," she said abruptly, "while you are in the Tolbooth; it had best be in my keeping, but it is no parting gift—we are going to meet again. I must go. I shall save you if I have to run on the English pikes to do it."

She was gone; and with her went force, fire, and hope. Darker and more dismal struck the cell after her passing. Once more Richard picked up the Patience cards and shuffled them.

"You see I am myself and not the prisoner," said Barbara, as the gaoler let her out. She swung down the steps, and was met at the foot by Jeremy.

Continued in the last column

JACKO SAYS IT WITH ORANGES

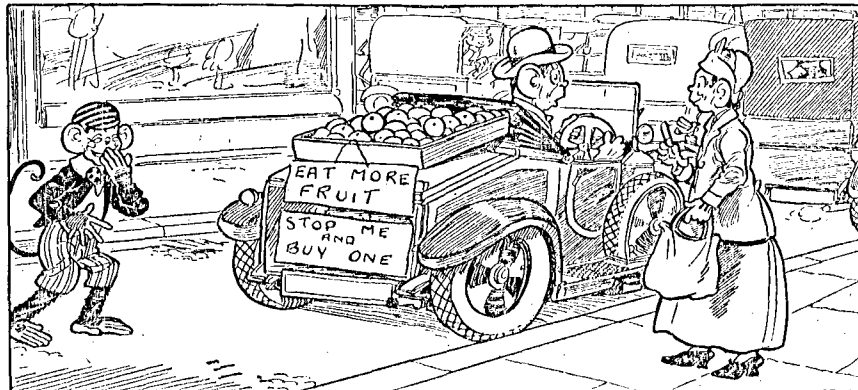
JACKO had never seen so many oranges in his life. His mother was making marmalade, and the kitchen was full of big baskets of fruit and sugar.

"We'll have marmalade for breakfast and marmalade for tea," sang Jacko, capering round the kitchen.

"And I shouldn't be surprised if we don't have marmalade for supper as

"Oh, I've just been loading up the car for you," said Jacko innocently. "Look at all the lovely oranges!"

Adolphus shot out of the garage with a roar. He had a face like a thundercloud, and he didn't look any happier when he realised that people in the street were smiling; and some of them even shouted after him.



"What do you mean?" spluttered Adolphus

well," said Mother Jacko, "for I've ordered far too many oranges. Now what am I going to do with them all?"

"Give 'em to Belinda," said Jacko. "But I can't take these," he added quickly, "they're much too heavy."

For once he was right, and Mother Jacko didn't insist. "Now if only Adolphus would help," she said thoughtfully. "There's his car doing nothing."

"I never heard of such a thing!" spluttered Adolphus. "Anybody would think I ran a tradesman's van." But at last he consented unwillingly, and stalked out to the garage.

"What are you hanging round here for?" he asked suspiciously.

"It's those wretched oranges," he growled. "I've a good mind to chuck the lot overboard."

At last he was held up by traffic in the market-place, and, while he waited, a lady rushed up to him and asked him how much the oranges were.

"What do you mean?" spluttered Adolphus.

"Well, they're for sale, aren't they?" said the lady, looking rather cross and pointing at the back of the car.

Adolphus was out of the driving seat in a twinkling. Somebody had stuck two notices on the back of his car. One said EAT MORE FRUIT and the other STOP ME AND BUY ONE.

"Have you seen him?" he stammered. "Have you heard the black bullet did not fall to him? He snatched it from me. What am I to do?"

"Go to Parson Gumble and lay that deed before him," replied Barbara. "It will do you no harm and may do Richard good. When will be the best time to get hold of General Monk?"

"He has gone away," answered Jeremy. "He does not return to Leith until midday tomorrow, and the execution is set for sundown."

"Get you gone to Gumble, and leave me peace to think," said Barbara.

Slowly she paced along. She had nothing but her own natural williness and courage to help her to save Richard. But both these qualities were very great. Her mind quested to and fro on the personality of the soldier who had doomed him. What did she know of George Monk? He could take a bribe and look the other way, but he was true to the Cause that paid him. A good soldier, a stern disciplinarian, "hating petticoats about his Citadel." Yet was it not said that he had plenty of petticoat government in his own house?

"If I could get a hearing from him I believe I could win him over," thought Barbara. "But it would be better than one woman pleading to him if I roused all the other women in Leith to clamour for Richard's release. I could easily set all the fishwives on fire, but it would be as well if I had the gentry as well."

She hurried along the Shore of Leith where the English residents lived in the best houses. She thumped at the knocker of the first one to which she came. A girl friend of her own opened it.

"Eppie, will you take me to the mistress of the house?" asked Barbara; "it is a matter of life and death."

"The master of the house is not married," Eppie replied. "The only ladies in the house are the old ones who have come in the coach on a visit, and they are sore tired with their journey."

"What is an old body's weariness," cried Barbara, "to a young man's life that is to be lost tomorrow if no hand is stretched to save?"

"Eppie, let the poor distraught thing enter," said a voice from the parlour.

TO BE CONTINUED

The little that means so much!

It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

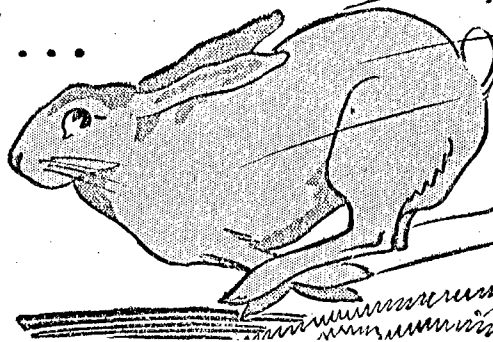
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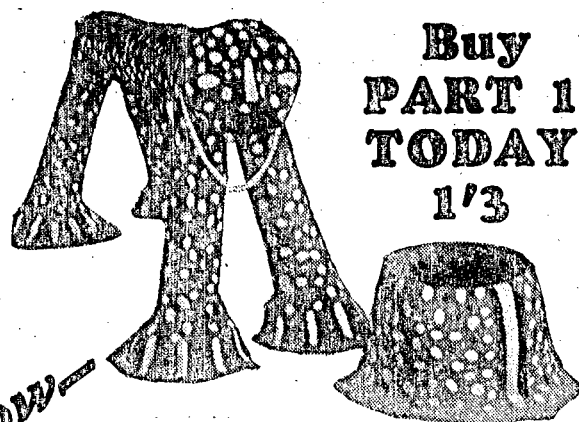


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Why a person is "sent to Coventry"?

The origin of shaking hands?

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entitled

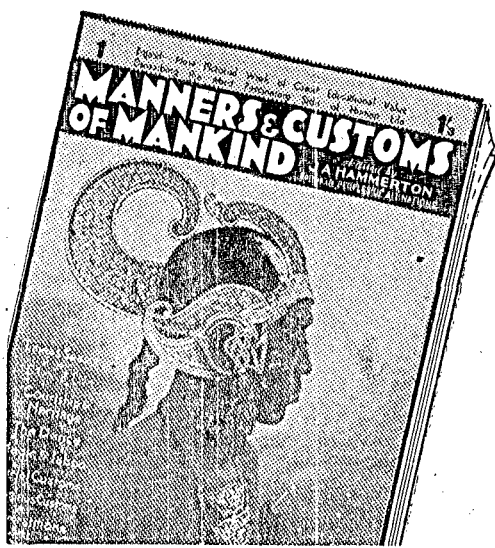
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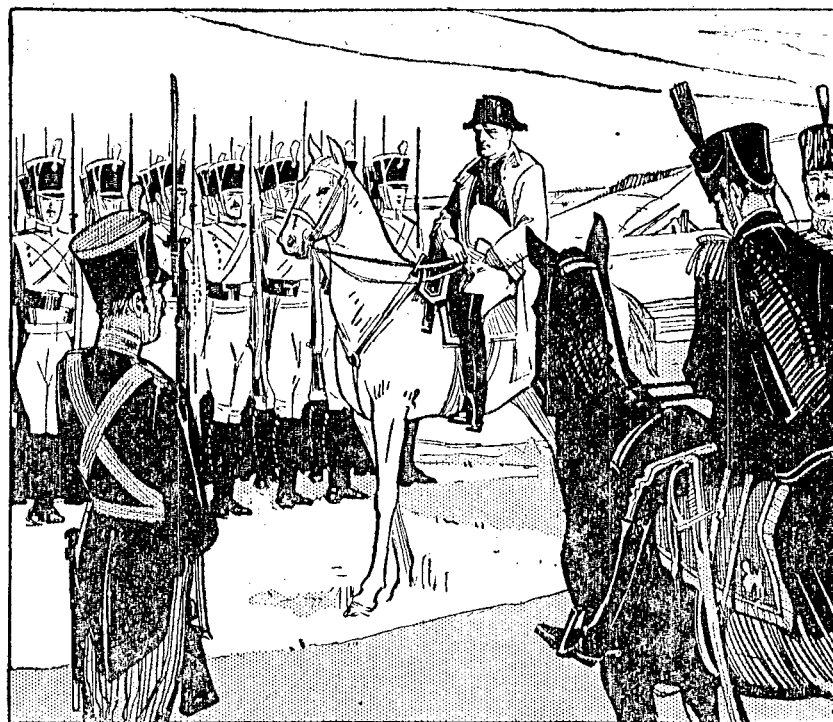
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. . Napoleon knew**



BUSY as he was over the map of Europe, Napoleon always tried to find time for his bath. He revelled in it. Who knows how many campaigns were planned there as the steam rose round the Little Corporal!

Bathrooms are great battlefields. There's a fight going on there to-day — as every Lifebuoy-campaigner knows. Come and help. Your enemy is the army of illness-germs hiding in the dirt on your hands and face. Your big gun is Lifebuoy Soap — specially powerful, with extra long range. Keep pounding away. Bring Lifebuoy Soap into action before meals, and plan a daily bath campaign. Come on, Health Generals — wash away these enemies of health!

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THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature appears twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper."

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 14, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

The Farmer's Walk

MR GILES owns a square farm, and every morning he walks right round his land to see that everything is in order. If the farm covers 160 acres, how far does he walk? *Answer next week*

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the five words represented by these pictures and write them one under another in such order that the initials and the finals spell the names of two articles of furniture. *Answer next week*

Threading Beads

WHEN re-threading a string of beads or pearls it is a mistake to put them on a flat surface like a tray, as they roll about and are not easy to pick up in their right order. A much better way is to put the beads in graduated order in the furrows of some corrugated cardboard. The beads can then be picked up one at a time without fear of mistakes being made.

When Genius Blundered

ALTHOUGH Sir William Herschel was such a remarkable astronomer he made some curious blunders. He once excited all scientific Europe by declaring that he had discovered active volcanoes on the Moon. What he had really seen was reflected light from the Earth.

He also had an amazing theory that the Sun was a cool body surrounded by luminous clouds beneath which was a world of luxurious vegetation and gorgeous scenery.

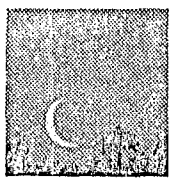
Letter Subtraction

START with a word meaning *long narrow flags*, take away one letter and make a word meaning *ships*. Continue this process until only one letter is left, forming on the way words with the following meanings:

Governors, rivulet, look fixedly, tax, rodent, preposition. The order of the letters may be altered as necessary. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the South. The picture shows the Moon at 7.30 a.m. on Monday, March 16.



A Culinary Puzzle

MY first is in cooking but not in roast,
My second's in pudding but not in toast,
My third is in pastry but not in cake,
My fourth is in bacon but not in bake,
My fifth is in peaches but not in pie,
My sixth is in sausage but not in fry,
My seventh's in ounces and also in pound,
My whole in every home is found.
Answer next week

The Tree-Creeper

THE note of the little tree-creeper can now be heard—a piping *tree-tree*.

This name comes from the bird's habit of climbing up a tree in search of spiders and insects in its bark. The stiff feathers of its tail help to support it.

The bird's movements are so rapid that it appears to be sliding up the tree—a rare sight, however, because the bird is so shy and its plumage so closely resembles the colour of the bark.

Three Words From Five

CHANGE the order of these five words so that one of the columns, reading down, spells the name of a fruit. Rearrange them again so that another column makes the name of a vegetable. Change again, and make a third column spell the name of a flower.

ACORN
SPITE
SHOES
PANSY
PENAL

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le cèdre Le moineau Le cercle
Admirez donc ces cèdres du Liban.
Jetons ces miettes aux moineaux.
Indiquez le centre de ce cercle.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

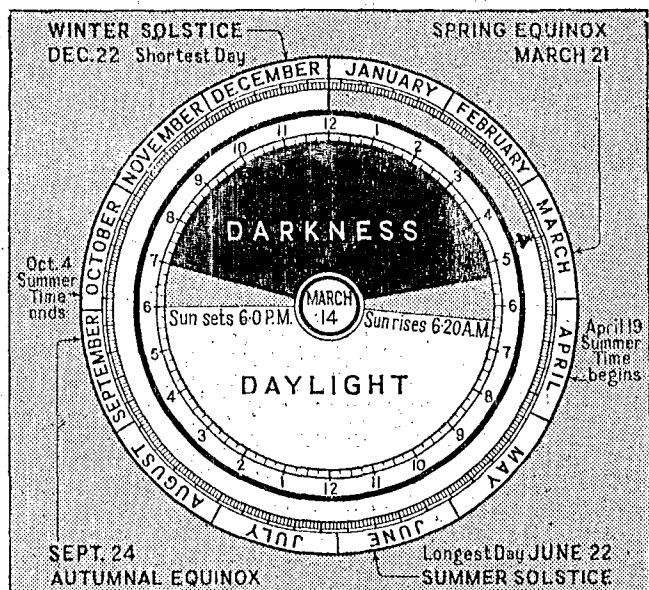
A Pocketful of Silver

10 sixpences, 20 half-crowns.
Picture Puzzle Hidden Countries
PROP Canada,
ROPE Norway,
OPEN Peru, Italy,
PENS India, Russia.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

MAIN AGED BRUTE
URN LYRE E SPOT
DUSTY OLIVE SON
MEADOW REACT A
A CRIME IN ROAD
GUN AIRE DEYRIE
EARS T MAID TAN
SPEAK CULT TSLE

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on March 14. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE little yellow-faced Chinaman who sat under a blue umbrella in the market-place, and for a penny told stories to the children, put his long fingers together and began.

My children (he said), to become clever is a virtue; but to have learning and yet have no common sense is useless, as you will see by this little story.

Once a rich man had four stupid sons, which annoyed him so much that he turned them out of the house and commanded them not to return until they had acquired some wisdom. Finding that those who cannot work cannot eat, the four idle brothers set out for a city

which was noted as a seat of learning, and there they separated and agreed to meet again at the cross roads in three years.

The eldest placed himself under a surgeon to learn anatomy; the second apprenticed himself to a chemist with a marvellous knowledge of healing medicines; the third, more modest, became assistant to a tanner; and the fourth entered the laboratory of an astrologer and sorcerer, who taught him the craft of a wizard.

At the end of three years the brothers met at the cross-roads and began to travel homewards, and on their journey they came across a band of gypsies, who had just

finished skinning and cutting up an immense tiger which they had trapped in the jungle.

The claws and bones and whiskers were put aside to sell, for we all know (or so they say) that to eat the chopped whiskers of a tiger gives a man courage, and that the claws bring luck and sons to a childless house.

A pot boiled near, ready to make a supper of tiger meat for the gipsy band.

When the four brothers saw all this they said:

"Here is an opportunity to put our knowledge to the test."

And they bought the tiger from the gypsies and carried all its parts in a bag to a

Dr MERRYMAN

The Feast

Two Negroes were having a slight difference of opinion.

"If yo' says anything to me I'll make yo' eat yo' words," said one of them heatedly.

"Chicken pie, popcorn, and water-melon," replied the other in anticipation.

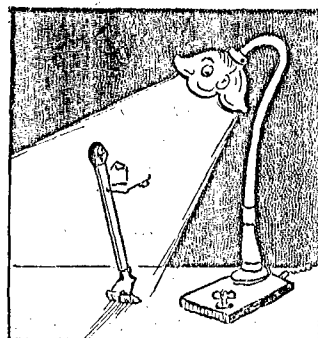
Wasted Energy

A GENERAL knowledge test was in progress.

"Now, Jack," asked the teacher, "can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

"Yes, miss," came the answer quickly. "Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Driven to Work



"To do my duty willingly On nights as dark as pitch I'm always ready," said the Match;
"But yours is conduct which We all dislike—to make you work. Folks use, I've heard, a switch!"

The Lullaby

SOUNDS could be heard coming from upstairs.

"Whatever is that noise?" asked Uncle George.

"Oh!" replied Mother, "that's Daddie trying to sing Baby to sleep."

"Well, if I were Baby I'd pretend to be asleep."

Why, Of Course

THEY were admiring a row of beautiful trees that crowned a distant hilltop.

"The distances between those trees appear to be equal, but they are not," said the guide. "Perhaps you ladies and gentlemen could tell me which two are farthest apart."

The visitors could not agree, so they appealed to the guide.

"The first and the last," he replied.

THE CLEVER BROTHERS

wood, and there began to practise their arts.

The eldest took all the tiger's bones and arranged them in perfect order; the pupil of the chemist poured over them a phial of fluid, and the bones became knit together; the tanner's assistant placed the flesh over the bones and fitted the skin, claws, and whiskers; and the youngest brother, who had learned magic from his master, uttered a spell and restored the animal to life.

No sooner had he done so than the tiger sprang upon the four brothers and devoured every one of them!

This shows you, my dear children, that it is possible to be too clever.

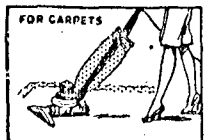
Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

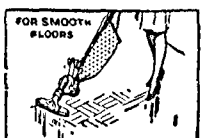
Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists

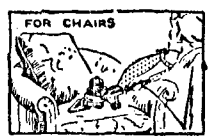
Where children are — dust must never be.



FOR CARPETS
Over the carpets picking up the fluff and extracting embedded dirt.



FOR SMOOTH FLOORS
Now fit the brush and the fluff is cleaned and polished.



FOR CHAIRS
Detach extension handle and adapt WIZARD for cleaning upholstery, etc.



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